CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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CAN you imagine what the Christmas mail means to our boys fighting in the trenches? Your boy of course will not be forgotten. He will receive his box of "goodies" from the home folks. But how about the chap, perhaps fighting shoulder to shoulder with your boy, who has "no folks?" What sort of a Christmas will he have? Hugh S. Eayrs' story *Christmas for Craggs* in the December issue of CANADA MONTHLY deals with just such a case. It shows how the boys in the trenches made a real Christmas for this lonely chap.

Canada's Place in the Moving Picture World by R. T. Groswold will interest all the film fans. The author shows in this article that Canada is well represented among the stars of the film world. He also points out that the many beauties of Canada's scenery are being displayed throughout the world by means of the picture films.

David B. Adams' humorous yarn, *The Dictionary Man*, carries a sermon along with its fun. Mr. Adams shows us in this charming story that it is sometimes a *serious* matter to be too seriously minded.

The new serial which starts in the December issue, is, the Editors believe, a ten strike for our readers. The success of *The Son of the Otter* put the Editors on edge to obtain another story that would measure up to that standard. After reading the first installment of this new serial in the December issue, you will agree that the Editors have been able to set even a higher standard.

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Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.00 a year, 15c a copy: in the United States, $1.50 a year, 20c a copy.

VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & COMPANY, LIMITED, Publishers, LONDON, AND TORONTO

London: 203 Clarence Street. Toronto: Mail Building. New York City: 1133 4th Avenue. Chicago: 1215 Marquette Building.

Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance or change* of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.

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AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

A railroaad lawyer who has had much to do with human nature says: "Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod." And he gave an illustration from his own experience:

A section hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

"See here, McGinnis," said I, "you admit that the whistle blew?"

"Yis, sor, it blew, sor."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yis, sor, and Mike would be testifying here this day." The jury giggled.

—

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible and remained as dirty as ever.

A brilliant idea struck the colonel; "Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down before the entire regiment and let the men have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel and said in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sangfroid!

"Dhirtiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr."

—

"You haven't any serious or organic trouble," said the young physician cheerfully.

"You are a little nervous and run down, that's all. Take more exercise, eat less and forget your troubles."

The hypochondriac snorted.

"Young man," he demanded, his voice shaking, "how long have you been a doctor?"

"I took my degree three years ago," answered the medico.

"And I am an invalid of 25 years' experience. Who are you to disagree with me?"

A busy housewife came into the sitting room with a determined look in her eyes.

"I really shall have to punish those children," she began.

"What have the little beggars been up to now?" asked the father, looking up from his newspaper.

"Why, they've made a mess of my sewing room," explained the wife. "Needles, reels of cotton, scissors—everything has been hidden away in the most unexpected places. It is really exasperating."

Her husband laid down his paper and smiled benignly..

"I did that," he said, calmly. Then, in answer to a questioning look, he went on. "You tidied up my desk so beautifully the other day that I thought it only fair to return the compliment. So I tidied up your sewing room."

Midnight! The clock on the mantel piece had just struck the mystic hour, and one or two of the card players suggested it was time to go home, as they were perhaps tresspassing on the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present.

"Not at all," said the host, with a gracious wave of his hand. "Time is of no account. Play as long as you like. I'm czar here!"

"Yes, men, play as long as you like," echoed a sweet little voice frm the doorway, and they all rose to their feet as the mistress of the mansion entered. "Play as long as you like," she repeated, "but, as it is 12 o'clock, the czar is going to bed!"

Mr. Babcock had just been telling his wife of an old friend.

"And he said he knew me when I was a little girl?" interrogated the wife.

"No," said Babcock, "he didn't say anything of the sort."

"But you just said he did," said Mrs. Babcock.

"No," said the man, "I didn't."

"Why, Charles!" exclaimed the wife, "what did he say, then?"

"I said," replied the brute, "that he said he knew you when he was a little boy."

That she was a nervous little old lady was apparent to the whole car. When a young woman with a baby entered and sat down next to her her quick-moving eye detected immediately that the child was placidly chewing a green transfer.

"Your baby—the transfer—look!" she exclaimed.

The young mother hastily rummaged her hand satchel and produced a yellow transfer. "Oh, thank you," she said. "It's all right—that's yesterday's transfer; here is to-day's."—Harper's Magazine.

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A pastor was calling upon a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. As he thought of her long and useful life, and looked upon her sweet, placid countenance bearing but few tokens of her ninety-two years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her:

"My dear Mrs. S., what has been the chief source of your strength and sustenance during all these years? What has appealed to you as the real basis of your unusual vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an unfailing comfort through joy and sorrow? Tell me, that I might pass the secret to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The old lady thought a moment, then lifting her eyes, dim with age, yet kindling with sweet memories of the past, answered briefly:

"Victuals."

~

With a sentimental leaning toward the days of his own youth, a certain business man sent his son to the college where he had himself been educated.

On arriving at the place the young man began to make a few inquiries.

"I should like to see my father's record," he said to the head of the college. "He was here in 1875."

"I shall be very pleased to show you the record," was the reply. "But have you any special reason for consulting it?"

"Well," replied the youth frankly, "when I left home dad told me not to disgrace his record, and I only want to see how far I can go."

~

The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last few paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus:

"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."

~

"Flying is dangerous business. Never again for me!"

"Why, I didn't know you had ever been up in an aeroplane."

"Who said I had? I was referring to the flyer I took in the stock market last week."

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A certain actor, who hailed from bonnie Scotland, was noted, among all the other members of his company, for his marked national characteristics. He was, indeed, a very careful man, and although an ardent gambler, was never known to risk more than "ain baubee" upon a race.

It chanced on one occasion that his mother and father happened to stop during a journey back to Scotland, after a short trip to London, at the town where he was playing. Next morning he saw them off by the Scotch express but was horrified to learn that there had been an accident to the train.

"My dear fellow," said another member of the company, rushing up to him, "have you heard the news? The Scotch express has been in collision and 36 of the passengers have been killed. Hadn't you better get an evening paper and see if your people are safe?"

Much moved at the news, the Scotchman, hearing a newsboy approach shouting "List of killed and injured," was commencing to feel hurriedly in his pocket for a halfpenny, when a neighboring clock caught his eye.

"A' weel, a' weel," said he, "I'm thankin' ye kindly for yer information, but I will najust buy a paper the noo. If I wait maybe half an' oor I shall see the winner of the 2.15 at the same time, ye ken!"

The regular trombone player of a Scottish orchestra was ill with a cold, and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a man who had played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the technical ability of the substitute.

After the first performance the new player asked the conductor how he had done.

The conductor replied, that he had done fairly ,but that perhaps he would do better the next night.

The newcomer, eyeing him gratefully, answered: "Man, ye see, the music is a' strange tae me the nicht, and I'm no' just shair o't yet, but ye wait tae the morn's nicht, and ye'll no hear ane of thae fiddles at a'!"

In explaining the sources of food supplies and the refining processes preceding their appearance on the table, the teacher asked how coffee was prepared. The youngster to whom she put the question said he couldn't tell.

"Not after all this 'talk'?" she said. "I am surprised at you. And you a grocer's son, too!"

"If you please," said the boy in self-vindication, "I do know, but I mustn't tell. It's a trade secret, and father would whip me if I told."

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
NOV.

The Secret of the Lord

By Harriet R. Baxter

Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

IT was mid-June in Alberta, and through the cool of the long, bright evening, I rode back to the ranch.

When I came to Barston's Creek, I left the road for the old trail that follows the stream. A light wind sprang up, and the untidy leaves of the cottonwoods trembled excitedly. To the right, as far as one could see, the grey-green wheat shimmered away. Overhead a lonely night-jar cried raucously. There was no other sign of life.

I rode slowly on, and rounded a bend in the little stream. My horse shied suddenly—then stopped; and before me rose a gaunt, grey man of about sixty years. He pulled off his hat, and extended his hand in greeting.

"Why, Mr. Braithwaite," I cried in astonishment, shocked by the change in his appearance, "I didn't know you." But before I could venture a further remark, I saw a grave—quite fresh; and near it another mound, grown over with grass.

"It's my wife's," he said simply, in answer to my startled, interrogating glance; "and the other one is Jack's," he added.

He stood before me—a patient, pathetic figure, nervously fingering an old straw hat. His broad shoulders had a weary droop; and in the white mask of his tragic face, his deep-set eyes burned despairingly.

Without a word, I slipped from my horse, and we sat down on the bank. My mind, as well as my tongue, seemed paralyzed by the man's changed appearance and his appalling statement.

Two years ago I had begun a visit to Mary Langdon. She and I had been inseparable since the days of pinnies and pigtails, when Tom Gillman came out of the West and carried her off to his ranch. I missed her terribly—she was such an understanding person—and after I was left alone, I gladly accepted her urgent invitation to come to her. But I had scarcely unpacked my boxes, and grown accustomed to my little blue and white room, when I was called East on business. Now I had returned to continue my interrupted visit.

Elizabeth used to say when she called me from the fields that even God seemed farther away than He did back in Ontario

AND as I sat in silence beside this grey, broken man, a host of memories trooped back to me. I vividly recalled a glorious, blue-skied afternoon two summers ago, when Mary and I drove along the green wheat fields to have tea with the Braithwaites. We came to a little white house—overshadowed by big red barns—and entered a long cool room. There was walnut furniture, upholstered in hair cloth; and on the mantel an old mahogany clock, with a painted face, ticked serenely. Above it the benign countenance of Queen Victoria looked out from a tarnished gilt frame. In one corner a little cupboard with glass doors was filled with quaint ornaments, and cherished bits of Crown Derby and Minton. It was charming, but when the door opened and a silver-haired woman entered, I only thought of it all as a setting for her sweet and gracious personality. She was thin and worn—with no pretense to beauty; but her face shone, as if a light were concealed within.

Then Mr. Braithwaite came in, and we had tea. Real tea—not the pallid brew one is frequently offered, and there were delicious buttery scones, with wild raspberry jam. Mrs. Braithwaite's thin, blue-veined hands fluttered fussily among the tea things, and after she had poured, she carefully covered the pot with a knitted

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It's a hard country, Miss, unless your are strong; but to the man who persists, it is kind

cozy, on which a strange bird of unknown genus—but with a knowing eye—disported itself.

We chatted, over our cups, of war and weather. But after a bit, it grew cooler, and we went out into the garden—a little green square with splashes of bright color. There were clove pinks, sweet alyssum, hardy phlox, mignonette and marigolds; and in one corner, carefully tended, were a few daises—common field daisies which fleck the Ontario pastures in June. Her cousin had sent them to her, she said, and it was obvious she prized them highly.

I went out with Mr. Braithwaite to see the calves. And there were colts too. They skipped about on their stilted legs and seemed to show off—as children do when there are visitors. I watched the sleek cows come in to be milked, and tossed grain to the greedy chickens.

Then we drove away into the sunset, and turning for a parting wave, I saw them standing before the little white house, he, vigorous and upstanding, with a protecting arm about his slender, worn wife.

Now he sat beside me, grey and devastated—like a field that has been swept by flame.

THE shadows lengthened. Above us the night-jar circled, uttering its harsh, monotonous cries. After a little, he told me his story.

"You knew her, Miss," he began, in a dull, tired voice, "and it may be you can imagine what she meant to me. It was forty years ago that Elizabeth and I married and came west. Quite different it was then," he said. "Just prairie and sky—lots of both, and not much else. No railroads—no neighbors. Elizabeth used to say when she called me from the fields that even God seemed farther away than He did back in Ontario.

"But after a bit there were children. Little Jean came first, and two years later there was a boy. Gordon we called him, for her father. They didn't stay with us for long though. They were taken that winter the church over yonder was built. Lots of the children in these parts had scarlet fever that winter," he added summarily.

He became lost in retrospection. In memory he lived again through those bitter days.

"It was hard, Miss, awful hard," he said at length. "Elizabeth nearly lost her mind. 'They are so little, John,' she would say, 'to be out there alone in the dark and cold.' "

He pulled a friendly looking, charred pipe from his pocket, filled and lighted it, and musingly puffed away. Then, between puffs, he went on.

"For ten years we struggled. Everything went wrong. The cattle died—rust got into the wheat—one year there were grasshoppers. But we just worked, and clung to each other. We couldn't go back—we hadn't the money; and Elizabeth wouldn't have left the children any way.

"It's a hard country, Miss, unless you are strong—even invincible; but to the man who persists, it is kind. After a while things took a turn. The crops were good for a few years. The cattle grew fat, and we began to catch up. We built a new barn and a house with a chimney, and we sent to Toronto for some furniture—women set such store by furniture, you know.

"And then Jack came along. He was a little bit of all right, was Jack," he added reflectively, and his face lighted up. "All sunshine and music—like spring after a hard winter," compared the old man, who for forty years had known the joy of spring following the rigors of the Alberta winters.

"And how that boy did grow!" he exclaimed. "Why! one day he was riding a hobby horse. The next he was off to high school. Then he joined the Police—North West Mounted, you know, Miss," and he added with pride:

"You should have seen him in his red tunic."

"HE served six years. Long years they were too, especially to his mother. But last August we got a letter from him, in which he told us he had been honorably discharged, and was on his way home—expected to reach the ranch on Friday.

"We laughed with tears in our eyes over that letter, Miss. You see he was all we had, and it was good to think of having him with us again. We sat up half the night, recalling his baby tricks and his pranks as a boy.

"Elizabeth was stirring at dawn on Thursday. She baked and scoured the whole house and cleaned up the yard till they were almost as bright as her face.

"And after supper, tired but happy, she came in with me while I smoked. We sat before the fire—you know how cool the evenings are, Miss—and were chatting about our day's work when we were startled by a loud knock. We both jumped to our feet, and I went to the door. A stranger stepped into the light, and asked if this was where Braithwaites lived.

" 'Right you are,' I told him, and without any warning he said:

" 'Well, I've brought you bad news.'

"Elizabeth swayed, but I flung my arm about her. Then he told us.

"Jack had come in on the 4.10; and 'One-Eyed' Oliver had 'got' him. Dropped him as he stepped from the train. He swore he would get him," the old man explained, "when Jack had him sent up for selling whisky to the Indians.

"The stranger then turned to Elizabeth. He said:

" 'He's been askin' for you, ma'am. I've come to fetch you.'

"She didn't seem to sense it—she acted numb. So I got her bonnet and shawl, and helped her into the buckboard. She didn't say a word. Just clung to my arm, and looked straight ahead. But we were too late, Miss. He was gone when we got there."

With wide, unseeing eyes he contemplated his knotted, old hands. His face worked convulsively. With an effort, he regained control, and resumed the story.

"We brought him home, and we laid him under the cottonwoods. Elizabeth

Elizabeth was stirring at dawn on Thursday. She baked and scoured the whole house and cleaned up the yard till they were almost as bright as her face

didn't make any fuss—never even shed a tear. She acted as if stunned.

"But she began to fail. Soon she was in bed. I brought the doctor and a nurse out from town, but they could do nothing—she just faded away before my very eyes, Miss.

"One night I sat beside her, holding her hand. She went to sleep, quiet—like a child. But," and he paused, "she didn't wake up."

IN the waning light, his face loomed white and tragic. Every line of his bent, old figure expressed hopelessness.

At length he said:

"A neighbor came in and she led me away. I don't remember much about what happened after that till they carried her out here.

"But when every one had left, I went back to the empty house, and I sat down before the dead fire. Then I realized Elizabeth had gone. I was alone.

"And I fell on my knees, Miss, and I prayed." His voice became vibrant with emotion. "I begged God to take me too—not to leave me alone. I prayed till I was hoarse, and it became dark in the room.

"But as I prayed, a great fury swept over me. Why had *He* taken them from me? Had I deserved this blow? And I cursed and I raved. I shouted till my throat was dry and useless. I talked a great deal of nonsense to *Him*, I'm thinking. And later—when I grew calmer—I begged *Him* to show me why, only show me why," he repeated with vehemence, "they were taken from me—why I should be left alone."

He looked away across the wheat, and his anguished eyes asked the question of all suffering hearts—why? Then—slowly—his glance came back to me.

"Well, it isn't for me to know, I'm thinking," he remarked dully. "At least I got no answer.

"But the evenings are bad, Miss—awful bad—without Elizabeth. I'm always waiting for her to come in and sit with me while I smoke, you know. So when the weather lets me, I stay out here. It isn't so lonely to be near them," he concluded.

To Save or Sacrifice An Industry

By James A. McCracken
Secretary The Canada Flax Growers

Illustrated from Photographs

In 1901 there were 32 established flax mills in Ontario. In 1916 there were only 23 and in 1914 this was reduced to 8 active mills. There were 28 mills in operation this year. Every flax centre in Ontario is throbbing with renewed zeal. Does this mean the flax industry has been saved for Canada? Hardly. The Secretary of The Canada Flax Growers tells what is yet to be done.

AMONG the few Canadian industries to profit by the present war is flax. To our flax men the war is providential. Because of wholesale destruction in Belgium, the chief flax fiber producing country, and a curtailment of the supply in Russia and other flax-growing countries, Ontario flax interests have an unparalleled opportunity.

Probably of no other Canadian line of business could you say that the war is going to put it on its feet again. Yet that seems peculiarly true of flax. Not alone because of the present boom by means of which the losses of a previous decade of depression are being recouped, but because of the efforts Canadian flax men are making to establish new and permanent foundations for the conduct of their affairs in the future.

The story is somewhat involved. One might properly relate the history of flax mills in Ontario, which embraces records of half a century. The mills grew out of the facts that flax was found to be a highly suitable crop for the soil and climate of Southern Canada; and that among the first immigrants to this country there were many experienced Irish flax workers. The small field of fiber flax, grown and manufactured into linen on each homestead, developed into the big field embraced by the mill factor in a cultural system connected with his scutch mill in a central town or village. Flax prospered. The number of mills simultaneously in operation in Western Ontario was once as great as forty, and the total number of mills built and operated in this area during the last half-century is about seventy

Shortly after the beginning of this century sad times fell upon our flax concerns. Flax men themselves are quick to acknowledge that their own lack of enterprise was largely responsible for this result. They resisted co-operation. They neglected to secure the government's assistance, as flax men in other countries have done. Lacking standards of quality they were at the mercy of the big buyers. A pennywise policy was often followed, with ultimate loss. They neglected to keep the farmers' allegiance to flax as an established crop in a regular rotation.

Labor conditions, moreover, had grown less favorable following the rapid development of the Prairie Provinces. Former flax workers drifted away from the mill towns into steadier employment. Flax prices for the kind of fiber Ontario mills produced were too low to allow of attractive wages to workers. Gradually mills that had handled flax were gradually absorbed by other industries. One became a saw mill, one a grist mill, one a store house, and so on. The machinery was either scrapped, stored away, or sold to other mills that remained active. In 1901 there were 31 established mills in operation in Ontario. In 1906 there were only 23, and in the spring of 1914 this number was reduced to eight.

NOW it must occur to you that if Ontario flax mills during a ten-year period could not secure prices sufficient to leave a margin over running and overhead expense, what hope is there for the industry in Canada? That question, I regret to say, has perplexed more than one government official during recent years. I shall throw all the light possible on it.

In the first place weavers, spinners and manufacturers in every country admit that we can grow as good flax in Ontario as any country in the world. Crops fail here at times not in the main because of general faults of soil or climate, but because of careless soil selection and indifferent cultivation. You see under the old-established Ontario system the mill man rents the land in a state of tilth from the farmer at so much an acre—this year from $12 up. The farmer got no more for rich land, well cultivated, than for poor land, poorly prepared. Flax seed, be it known, is somewhat more particular than ordinary crops in the matter of seed bed. Hence the result—complaints of poor crops!

This system is already being changed in some of our flax growing centres. This year the farmer secures a foundation price of $12 an acre and as high as $14.50 where the crop averages 2½ tons to the acre for a field.

That only goes to show the enlivening of flax men since the war opened the door to new development and new enterprise.

So far for the first phase of the situation! Better crops will yield better flax fiber and bring better prices. But even with good crops a flax business can lose money if the manufacturing is badly conducted.

AN idea of the chance for improvement in our Ontario process may be had from this fact. Some years ago a bundle of good Ontario grown flax straw was shipped to Courtrai, Belgium, to be retted and scutched so that the fiber secured from it might be put on the market and a test price secured. What was the result? Simply this. Fiber manufactured in Ontario from the same kind of straw sold for 12 cents a pound. That obtained from such straw retted and scutched in Belgium brought 22 cents a pound

Now it is economically impossible to ship Ontario flax straw to Belgium. It requires about ten pounds of flax straw to make one pound of fiber. So that the freight on the purely woody matter would swallow up the revenue.

I suppose I need not go into detail about the Ontario process that yields relatively so poor a quality of fiber. The difference is based chiefly on the retting—as flax men express it, "It's all in the retting." In a word the Ontario method is the dew-ret system which means that the flax straw, after being threshed, is spread on stubble fields where it rots by exposure to dew, rain and atmosphere. This rotting is

necessary to the easy removal of the fiber from the stem. Russia follows the same method and secures an even lower price than we do. But Russian labor and living conditions are relatively low, and the flax is grown and handled by peasants who are satisfied with small returns. The Belgian and Irish flax, on the other hand (first and second respectively in the quality of flax fiber produced) is all water retted, which means rotted or degummed by being steeped in water

I told you how treatment of Ontario flax at Courtrai enhanced the value of the fiber to almost the regular price paid for the best Belgian fiber. We come to this point. What are Canadian flax men going to do about it?

WE can grow first class flax. Can we make first class fiber? On all sides flax men answer in chorus: "Not by our present dew-ret methods." Dew retting discolors the fiber, makes threads of uneven strength; sometimes overdoes it, thus making the fiber too soft, and so on. And if you are a spinner's buyer examining a bale of flax, and pick up an uneven handful you will pay according to the weakest fiber in the handful, not according to the average or the best threads.

What Canadian flax men are starting to do then, among other things, is to develop the water-retting process, improve their product by this and other means (to be described later) and secure better prices for the dressed fiber.

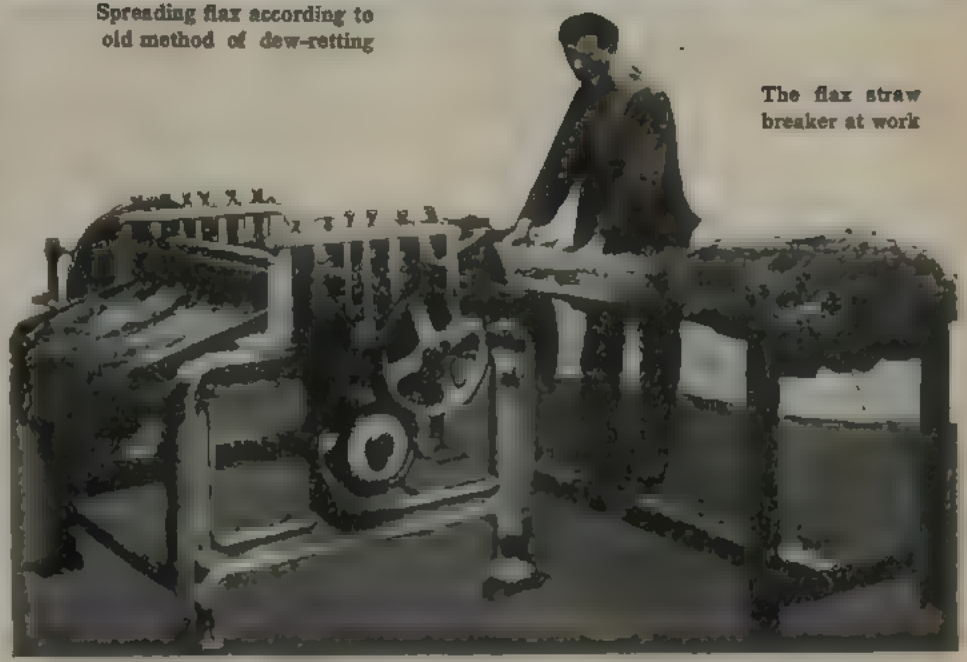
MIND you, this is not a simple matter. There have been "good heads" in the flax business in the old days—such men as Brown, of Woodstock, the Livingstons, Forrester, of Mitchell and Weir, of St. Marys. These men, of course, made successes of their plants under dew-retting methods when conditions in general (including easier renting terms, more plentiful and cheaper labor) were more satisfactory. Several of them tried water retting in Western Ontario, and only one—Livingston, of Baden—was successful at it. The failures we now feel able to explain satisfactorily. Suitable flax-retting water, among other things, must be soft and comparatively free from the salts of lime and magnesia. The best water for this purpose so far discovered in the world—that of the Lys River in southwestern Belgium—tests as follows:

(In parts per million.)

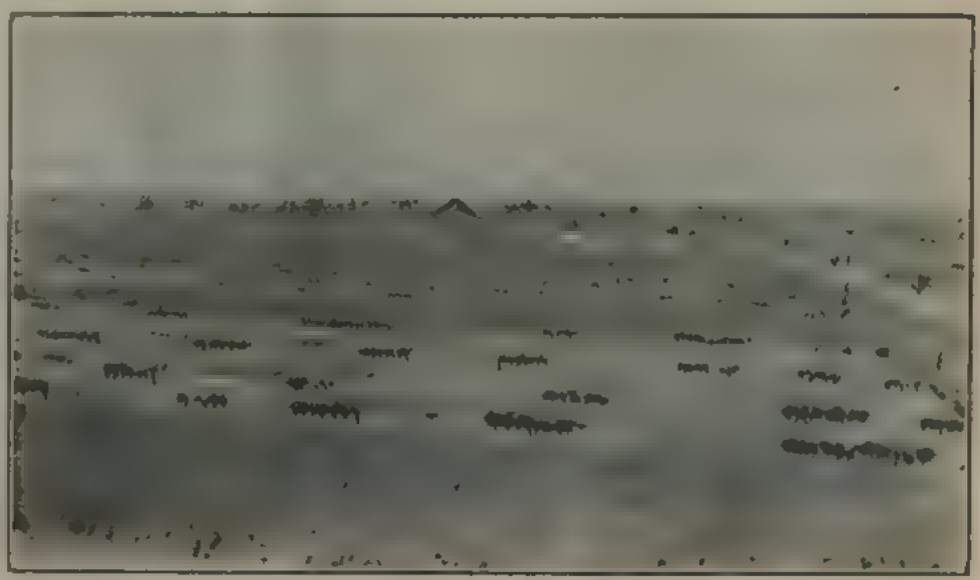
Bicarbonate of lime	70
Sulphate of lime	15
Carbonate of magnesia	5

Such knowledge as we now have, thanks to painstaking scientists here and abroad—was not available to the average flaxman operating thirty and more years ago. Therefore when one

Spreading flax according to old method of dew-retting



The flax straw breaker at work



Flax straw ready for shipment to the mill

would-be water-retter found the creek water too hard he saw no alternative but to abandon his tests.

That would seem quite unnecessary to-day. At least the experimenter would take the next step and soften the water to a point closely approaching the water of the River Lys which is known to be exactly suitable for flax retting. An excess of lime and magnesia—the objectionable substances in most of our inland streams—can be neutralized and even removed by the addition of quicklime. This changes the bicarbonate of lime to the insoluble carbonate and the carbonate of magnesia to the insoluble hydrate—these insoluble salts settling as sediment to the bottom of the water, and thus being easily removable.

But it is quite probable that the first extended experimentation with water retting methods on this continent will be conducted in water more nearly suitable in its normal state than is the hard water of our inland streams. The latter have the undoubted advantage of easy accessibility—in some cases being immediately adjacent to the flax mill property. This advantage, however, is of far less consequence than the requirement of having first a suitable retting water in plentiful quantities, and secondly machinery for handling large quantities of straw. Water retting works require immersion crates and means of handling them. As a substitute for the expensive and tedious foreign process of drying the straw drying machinery such as is at present in use in two mills on this continent might be installed.

The water that seems most closely to fill the conditions is that of one of the many streams and cuts about Wallaceburg, Ont. If this after experiment proves satisfactory there is a good prospect of seeing spring up in Western Ontario a new Courtrai. To Courtrai, you are told, every year, thousands of tons of fine flax straw are shipped from various parts of Belgium, Holland, Northern France and Germany for treatment in the wonderful River Lys. The skilled operatives and concentrated machinery, and the presence of the immense Courtrai fiber market are factors, that added to the suitability of the water of the Lys, attract so much flax straw to that center.

This is only one avenue of hope for the Canadian flax fiber industry. Some flax factors are making other kinds of experiments. Fraleigh of Forest has already had an Irish flax worker start water retting operations in a new tank 50 feet by 15 feet built for the purpose. The Irishman has followed Irish methods as closely as possible. Irish flax, be it said, is the strongest in the world's markets, though not the best for spinning. Some attribute this to the long slow period of growth as well as to the methods of curing and manufacture. It has occurred to several long-established flax factors in the London peninsula of Ontario that a central rettery established at some satisfactory point, to which the baled straw could be shipped by rail from the small receiving stations near the fields, will be the ultimate result of the present movement.

Meanwhile every flax center in Ontario is throbbing with renewed zeal. From eight active mills in 1914 the number has swelled this year to 28. Next season, unless signs fail, the number will probably be thirty. Big spinning companies already have leased some of the idle mills and are growing their own crops this year.

ONE object toward which the Canadian flax growers, recently organized, are striving is that of government co-operation. They insist on the involved nature of flax working. The crop embraces both cultural and manufacturing activities. On every acre of flax grown for fiber there is expended under Ontario methods between $70 and $100. This money is distributed in the flax mill centers and increases the exports of the country to that extent.

One object toward which The Canada Flax Growers are striving is Government co-operation. France has realized the importance of fiber flax and bonuses her growers Five Dollars per acre. Flax men are wondering why our Canadian Governments, both Dominion and Provincial, have done so little even in the way of experimentation and cultural improvement.

France has realized the importance of fiber flax in this connection and bonuses her flax growers to the extent of about five dollars an acre. Every flax-growing nation supplies either education or financial assistance (sometimes both) to the industry. Flax men are wondering why our Canadian governments, both Dominion and provincial, have done so little, even in the way of experimentation and cultural improvement. They can see no reason except it be that the proposition has never been put to the authorities.

The Growers as a body are succeeding in presenting flax to the farmer for what it is honestly worth among farm crops. Some agriculturists have inherited unjust prejudices against the crop for a number of reasons too complicated to explain here. Where flax is understood the attitude of farmers is strongly favorable to the cultivation of the crop.

To secure a better basis for selling their product, as every other class of producers have obtained, some system of government inspection and grading is demanded. At present no Ontario flax fiber producer is capable of estimating closely the value of his wares because only spinners of long experience can accurately judge spinning fiber. For this reason Ontario flax line has no definite markings, and no established reputation in the world's markets. Good fiber is therefore less remunerative than if a reputation could be maintained back of it.

Chance and the havoc of war have opened the way for a probable solution of our labor difficulties. The old generation of Irish flax workers has practically passed away and there was neither sufficient financial inducement nor even sufficient opportunity for the younger people to take their places. Skilled help is necessary for the mill work and the more experience there is back of the field operations the better will be the resulting fiber.

Already about 1,000 Belgians and Dutch are settled near the Sydenham River in the sugar beet region about Wallaceburg. Many of these are experienced flax workers since most of the farmers of Belgium and Holland raise fiber flax regularly. Flax men of Western Ontario have not been slow to seize this opportunity of enlisting as many of these immigrants as could be secured. More arrivals—among those outside the military age—are expected from Europe as time goes on. From these it is hoped to obtain more skilled scutchers who will be engaged to introduce their excellent methods in Canadian flax mills, and teach our regular Canadian flax workers all they can of flax treatment. What are needed to give stability to the flax centers are regular flax-working communities established about the mills. The central mill plan could offer steady employment—a condition small isolated mills have never yet reached. Small plants, run on the old methods, are reduced to the necessity of establishing auxiliary interests, such as hay-growing, cattle-raising, and sugar beet culture in order to keep their few essential hands in steady employment. This is indeed a common practice in Western Ontario.

Lopsided Luck

By Luman U. Spehr

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

THE courtroom door opened and the rotund, smiling countenance of "Big Bill" Hennessy appeared. He led by one handcuffed wrist a collarless, disheveled young fellow unshaven of jaw and most unprepossessing of appearance. This was the notorious Gordon Mullen, horse-thief and desperado, who had been a newspaper sensation.

Everyone of the dozen people in the room gazed solemnly at the young prisoner. They were rather surprised at his youth for they had expected to see a man of more maturity. Otherwise, however, he corresponded with the mental image they had formed of him. He looked like a typical tough.

There was no sympathy felt for Mullen. He had been tried by the press and convicted by public opinion of the most unpardonable crime of the west, horse stealing. No mitigating circumstances had been revealed to make him deserving of leniency. All eyes watched him gravely as he stepped into the dock and faced the magistrate, apparently unconcerned about his fate. Only "Big Bill" smiled. His broad wink at a reporter across the room as he settled comfortably into a chair between Mullen and the door, seemed decidedly inappropriate.

When, without emotion, the youth admitted stealing three horses, the last doubt left those few who were inclined to be compassionate. All were convinced that he was incorrigible.

Mechanically following the rules of procedure the magistrate asked Mullen if he had anything to say before sentence was passed on him.

"I'd like to tell my side of it," came the response.

"That is your right," consented the judge but he was obviously wearied at the delay.

IN a steady, conversational tone the young man began. "I am not a regular horse-thief; this is my first offence. I fell this time because of a girl"

Startled into interest by the abruptness of the declaration everyone looked up. Mullen's excuse was to be the

On a knoll overlooking this lake I put up the cabin that was to house Elsie and me until I could afford more pretentious quarters

old love story; never believed but always entertaining when well told. The newspapermen reached for their pencils.

The smile on "Big Bill's" face broadened and he leaned back in pleasant anticipation.

Oblivious of the interest he had awakened Mullen continued: "I left my home in California two years ago and came up to Manitoba. My uncle, Ferdinand Harrington, put me to work as a farm hand. I wanted to make practical use of the theories I had learned during an agricultural course at college.

"Uncle had a daughter, Elsie, and we fell in love. After a few months we decided to get married. My folks were poor and I had no money so I asked uncle to help me get a start. Though I promised to repay him with interest he refused. He said he would help an old man any time but a young man never.

"We were more determined than ever by Uncle's refusal. We would show him we could get along without his aid. Some homesteads were being opened over in Saskatchewan and I determined to take one and start in on my own hook. I was not given much time to think it over. Uncle seemed to hate me after he found out I cared for Elsie and he made it so unpleasant I had to leave.

"I made my entry on a piece of rolling prairie with a beautiful creek, wooded along the bank, and widening into a little lake at one end of my property. On a knoll overlooking this lake I put up the cabin that was to house Elsie and me until I could afford more pretentious quarters.

"I am making this too long, though. You do not care to listen to such details," he interrupted himself.

"Go ahead, but make it as short as you can," responded the magistrate.

"I'LL get right down to what caused the trouble then. It was spring when I finished my cabin and I set out as I had planned, to find a farmer who would take my services during the seeding season in exchange for the use of a team and a breaking plow after the rush was over. I went from neighbor to neighbor, some of them forty miles or more from my place trying to make arrangements of this kind. Any of them would have been glad to put me to work but none could spare horses. It was imperative that I get enough land broken to put in a crop the next year. The sod would have to decay. I was stumped.

"There was nothing I could do at the time, however, so I accepted a job and worked until summer. Then with my wages I tried to hire a team but again met with no success. Every farmer needed all his animals. In desperation I tried finally to break sod with a garden fork. If you've ever tried it you can imagine what progress I made.

"With the arrival of the harvest season I went to work for a farmer again. Later I went back to Manitoba and got a job for the winter with one of my uncle's neighbors, so that I could be near Elsie. Then we did a very foolish thing; just how foolish we did not realize at the time. We slipped into town and were married.

"We kept it secret and Elsie continued to live at Uncle's, but I felt the added responsibility keenly after more sober reflection.

"This spring I hustled back to the homestead and found a farmer, who promised to rent me a team when summer came if I would help him seed. When the rush was over, though, he failed me and again the others turned me down as they had before. I was desperate.

"To cap it all I got a letter from Elsie bearing news that made my heart flutter. I could not be put off longer. I had to get my farm into shape at once.

"I DON'T know how the thought ever came to enter my head. Up to that time I had never even dreamed of breaking the law. But suddenly it struck me, as I sat brooding, that I could take somebody else's horses and use them without his knowing it. I tried to put the temptation from me but it kept growing in my mind despite my efforts and before I knew it I had taken the horses.

"It was easy to slip into that farmer's barn at night, take three horses and drive tham back across the line before daybreak. I tethered them in some scrub by day and moved only at night. In five days I was back on my farm. I bought a plow and went to work.

"Some of my neighbors must have seen the horses and grown suspicious. I am sure somebody must have told on me. Probably the circulars sent out by the police led to my undoing. At any rate while I was at work last week, the sheriff and his deputy drove up. They told me I was wanted. It set me wild. The thought that Elsie, in her delicate condition, would learn that I was a criminal fairly crazed me. I was hardly responsible for my actions anyway and when the sheriff insisted on handcuffing me I lost my head. I fought like a mad man I guess. They finally consented to let me go without the disgrace of manacles and I accompanied them.

"That is my story sir."

UNUSUALLY long for a confession, still Mullen's story had held the audience closely attentive. The simplicity of the tale, so different from the illogical, fantastic fabrications frequently offered by wrongdoers in extenuation of their lapse made it convincing. The quiet, calm voice in which it had been told proclaimed its truth.

From scoffing skeptics, cynical from constant contact with the untrustworthy, the men in the court gradually became sympathetic listeners. As they heard the incidents related, which led up to the crime, they realized how mistaken they had been in their first impression.

Mullen was disheveled in appearance, true, but a weary ride on the train and a night in jail accounted for that. Hidden by the stubble was a resolute jaw; his straggling hair covered a good forehead; his eyes were clear and fearless; instead of denoting the hardened criminal his calmness in pleading guilty signified ignorance of the seriousness of his offence. He was not a rough desperado but an educated man, who had made a mistake

The attitude of the magistrate was decidedly friendly as he smiled at the prisoner. The others in the room also smiled pleasantly. "Big Bill" chuckled.

"Mullen, your story sounds plausible and I'm inclined to believe it," remarked the judge. "It's always necessary, however, to investigate these stories before we pass sentence, so I think I will remand you for a couple of days."

"That is only fair, sir," promptly replied the young man. "Naturally I am anxious to get away but you should verify my statements of course. One thing I forgot to tell you was that I left a note at the barn where I took the horses, promising to pay for them with interest added for the trouble I put him to. The officer has that note."

ALL eyes were turned on "Big Bill." He rose, leisurely reached into his inside coat pocket, and produced a slip of paper, which he handed to the magistrate. The latter scanned it, then turned to the prisoner.

"Mullen this convinces me of your veracity," he said. "I feel certain that, had you not been telling the truth, you would not have been ready to have me verify your statements. This note shows me that your act was more one of desperation than deliberate crime. Though it is an unheard of proceeding I am inclined to let you go on suspended sentence."

"Thank you sir. You may be sure I will never fall again," the young man promised happily.

"No my boy, I don't think you ever will," the magistrate agreed.

"Reckon this here farce has gone far

Continued on page 59.

The School Library In Alberta

By Emily Murphy

IN describing life on a western homestead and the lack of reading material, I made use of these words in *Janey Canuck in the West*: "It seems to me the possibilities of the school house in the life of the settlers are not utilized to their best advantage. There ought assuredly to be a small circulating library of well-selected books—chiefly fiction—in each school. I say "fiction" advisedly, for if I lived here, I would prefer it myself because my life would have less color, and it would want color, and love, and laughter, too, and those touches of imagination that annex fairyland to the solid earth."

Numerous people wrote concerning this idea, and among others, His Excellency Earl Grey, who was Governor General of Canada. He hoped the suggestion would "go right home." It, however, remained for the Hon. John R. Boyle, K. C., Minister of Education for the Province of Alberta, to take the initiative in the matter and thus win the honor of establishing the first complete system of rural libraries in the public schools of Canada. It is true that there are travelling libraries in Ontario which may be had periodically by the payment of a certain fee and the expenses of transportation, but these are not selected by those who read them and possess the transitory interest of all borrowed goods. In "the excellent years to be," Mr. Boyle's name, therefore, will be remembered and honored as one who has been in the highest sense a benefactor. He has the comparatively rare gift of initiative which, after all, is the highest gift possible.

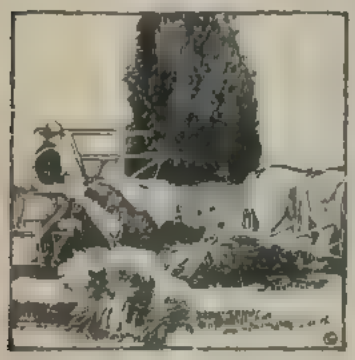
For several years now, in this right pleasant Province of Alberta, we have been anxious because of the incoming hordes of foreigners who have been trekking into this land in long and lustful lines. As we stare at them with wonder-wide eyes and consider the environment from which they came; their dull unawakened minds and their ingrained prejudices, our hearts fail us with fear, for the task of welding this rude conglomerate mass into a coherent and definite whole seems a well-nigh titanic task. To neglect these people is to do so at our peril.

Each man's need is different, but when every foot of the way means something to a man, he is not so liable to sigh for the city, or to be bored into sinfulness by reason of an unted mind

WHILE these outland folk learn much from our well-conceived and well-executed laws, still in the end, Rousseau's dictum holds good that those people are best governed who are least governed. The inculcating of the great Anglo-Saxon ideal must, therefore, be a long and painful process. Properly viewed, this can only be accomplished by careful instruction—line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Were it not that these children were taken in charge at an early age by the public schools, the task of training them into useful and loyal citizens must be an almost hopeless one. As the child learns the lesson in the school, he teaches it to his parents in the home and so reverses the processes of instruction which usually prevails in the average English-speaking home.

It was in such a home — although, be it said, a Canadian one—that a certain western humorist had in mind when she described a little girl telling the story of the Magna Charta to the assembled household, and drawing such vivid pictures of King John's general depravity that her hearers were stirred to indignation and thought the king had better be mending his manners, or trouble would be coming to him. "And you bet there was" said the heroine. "What did they do but get together one day, after they had got the crop cut, and drawed up a list of things that he couldn't do, and they goes to him and says they, "Sign yer Highness or there'll be another man on to your job. We brought our dinners" said they, "and we'll stay till you find your pen."

There are, doubtless, hundreds of such stories being rehearsed in the iso-



We have been anxious because of the incoming hordes of foreigners who have been trekking into this land in long and lustful lines. As we stare at them with wonderwide eyes, our hearts fail us with fear, for the task of welding this rude conglomeration into a coherent whole, seems a well-nigh titanic task.

lated steadings of the north. The child in the school, whether foreign-born or Canadian, grasps the vital side of an historical episode and recreates it as biography in the minds of her auditors.

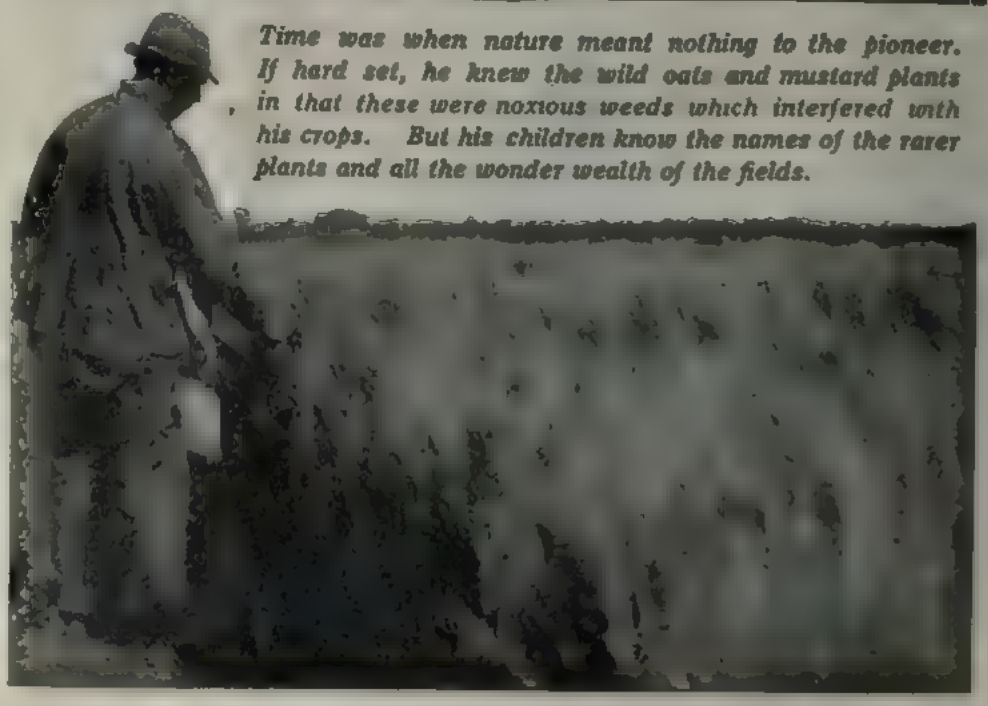
And why not? Properly speaking, these two subjects are one and the same thing. Indeed, instead of an array of uninteresting figures and data, it is now the aim of every teacher, under the new pedagogic method, to humanize the incidents. Accordingly, if a child finds it hard to remember the word Michilimackinac, or the date of the fall of that redoubtable fort, the teacher has only to tell him how the Indians invited the soldiers outside the walls for a game of lacrosse and then threw the ball into the enclosure, following it as part of the game, thus taking the fort by strategy. And, furthermore, she may, thanks to our Mr. Boyle, take from the school bookcase the volume entitled "Byroads to History" and show the child a picture of the scene And if the child be deeply interested he or she has the right to take the volume home to display the picture there. It is by these means that a long and steady course of instruction is brought into numerous homes that must otherwise have remained in apathy and ignorance. It was such instruction an English essayist had in mind when he said that anything in the shape of a story or incident gained vastly in interest if presented in school hours among those tiresome things called lessons.

A VISIT to the school-library department at Edmonton will give one a good idea of the scope of this work. The Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, having been destroyed the week previously, there were some unusual difficulties to be encountered in securing admittance to the Provincial Legislature where the books are stored. A difficult, drastic fellow halted me at the door while another with a bag-pipe face and hands that were large and hairy, opened and searched my handbag. To a mild-mannered gentleman at a table, I gave a name—presumedly my own—and was ultimately taken in hand by a shaveling page, who in the dare of youth, piloted me to the basement, watching me closely all the while. "A-ah!" thought I, "it would give me joy at the heart-strings to gag and truss this estimable boy; to carry him back under one arm, and to say in a lofty, but withal nonchalant air, "Gentlemen, I present your pigeon." But other than confiding in his startled ears that there was a bullet-head under my hat (which hat he may have noticed was an inordinately large one) I refrained from any unusual naughtiness. It seemed a pity though to lose so fair an opportunity of demonstrating the inutility of four male persons where one wickedly-intentioned woman might be concerned, and of driving home the lesson that bombs, like bribes, have, upon occasion, been known to get in without knocking.

In the storage room the books are piled up on the shelves in no poor-spirited way, and with no non-conducting glass between them and me to break the happy current of our intercourse. Neither has any Act of Uniformity a jurisdiction over them other than that of clear type, good paper, and right excellent illustrations. They are all here, those wise and witty old fables and fantasies that have been the heritage of the nursery folk for so many generations; Æsop, Don Quixote, Aladin, Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, Christian and the shepherds who fed their flocks on the Delectable Mountains—these, and the more modern stories of Alice in Wonderland, Rip Van Winkle, Hiawatha, Little Nell, and the Water Babies.

FORGETTING for awhile the fat-faced guard, the hairy-handed guard and all such kittle-kattle, I wandered far away with Odin in his search for wisdom; was vengeful with the Volsungs, rested me in the Twilight of the Gods, or helped whole-heartedly in the Destruction of Asgard. Once more, I succumbed to the fascination of the "Tales" by the gentle Elsa and his sister. Who could, for even a moment, become blase concerning a story which begins, "There was a certain island in the sea whose only inhabitants were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady."

Of more than passing interest is "the Children's Story of the War" which is being issued in serial parts as the combat proceeds. These books are creating



Time was when nature meant nothing to the pioneer. If hard set, he knew the wild oats and mustard plants in that these were noxious weeds which interfered with his crops. But his children know the names of the rarer plants and all the wonder wealth of the fields.

a great interest in the northern parts of the province where magazines like *The Graphic* and *London Illustrated* are almost unknown. It is from this serial that Jonathan and George Washington of the United States; Wilfrid and Jacques of Quebec; Ludwig, Antonio, Heinrich, Michael, Ferdinand, and all other lads from the different countries in Europe learn something of the unconquerable might and masterhood of the British Empire.

"Wasted on them," you say. Ah! my friend, you have forgotten—or perhaps you have never heard—that with the exception of two, all the members of the present Cabinet of the United States were one-time country boys. What has happened in the Republic, will happen in the Dominion. The future law-makers and financiers of Canada are, to-day, being trained in the wide spaces of the North where, undisturbed by pleasure and unpampered by wealth, we are building up a type of man who shall be straight alike in body and mind—a man who shall be as the brain-flame to his people. Aye! it must be a royal race that shall come out of the North—the much loved, much reproached North.

But I was telling you concerning the books. Here are volumes by which the country-child may identify the birds and learn to reverse the proverb so that a bird on the bush will be worth two in the hand.

TIME was when Nature meant nothing to the pioneer except sustenance. A tree was for fuel, for building purposes or to make corduroy roads. Certain flowers had some slight medicinal value. If hard set, he could identify the rose, the sunflower, and the blood-lily that gave to his fields a fire-red shining. He knew the wild oats and the mustard plant in that these were noxious weeds which interfered with his crop. Mayhap, he could even name the mint, the vetch, and the bluff wild parsnip, but here his knowledge ceased. But, in these better times, his children know the names of the rarer plants such as the anemone, the painted trillium, and the much-coveted "ginseng which possesses the Five Relishes"—these, and all the wonder-wealth of the fields.

"To what purpose?" you ask. Gentle Sir, how can I say when each man's need is different, but sometimes, I have thought that when every foot of the way means something to a man, he is not so liable to sigh for the city, or to be bored into sinfulness by reason of an unfed mind. "Sing ho! for the flowers of the field," say I, and you must say "Sing hey! for them."

But not only is there literature for the country-boy whose standard of speech, heretofore, has chiefly been the finished profanity of the ox-driver who acts as hired man, but also for Madam, his mother, whose heart is becoming like withered hay because of her loneliness and isolation. Almost every book of account is to be found on these shelves from Homer's *Iliad* to *Everyman's Encyclopaedia*.

Although this library movement is yet in its infancy, the demand for books has been so large that 110,000 volumes were sent out last year at a cost of $30,000. Almost every book of account is to be found on these shelves, from Homer's Iliad to Everyman's Encyclopaedia

The selection of the school library is left with the teacher, although certain books are recommended by the Department as almost essential.

Although this library movement is yet in its infancy, the demand for books has been so large that 110,000 volumes were sent out last year at a cost of $30,000. The allotment to each school is based upon the Inspector's report which has to do with progress, equipment, and like matters of a local nature.

The Honorable John Robert Boyle, K.C., the organizer of this library system, was born in Lambton County, Ontario, and was educated at the High School at Sarnia. Fifteen years ago, he went to the Province of Saskatchewan where he taught school for several years. Mr. Boyle likes to dwell upon his experiences as a pioneer teacher during this period and, although these would make highly interesting reading, the writer thereof would be open to the charge of melodrama. Suffice it to say that Mr. Boyle learned how to make everything incidental to the life from coffee to coffins. Indeed, he claims, upon occasion, to have made hay, made goal, and even to have made love. Anyone can easily believe it, in that he is a man firm in health, possessing a look of happy materialism—a deep-chested, thickset man, and broad at the belt like the picture of John Bull by Sir John Teniel. It is just as well though, in appraising Boyle to cast an eye over his head and shoulders. It will enable you to see that he is a worker who thinks with direction—one of ideality and practicality.

Mr. Boyle took up the study of law in Regina, in the office of Mackenzie & Brown, but finished his course in the office of the Hon. H. C. Taylor, of Edmonton. He was called to the

Alberta bar in 1899 and, since that time, has practised his profession in the Albertan capital until entering the cabinet of the Provincial Legislature as Minister of Education. In 1905, he was elected to the first Alberta Legislature as Member for Sturgeon, being re-elected for the same constituency in 1909. Mr. Boyle was also an alderman of the first Council of the City of Edmonton.

In 1902, he married Dora Shaw, of High River, Alberta, a clever, amiable woman, whose sympathy and quick insight have been of valuable assistance to her husband, especially in the troublous days in 1910 when Mr. Boyle was the leader of "the Insurgents" who took issue with the Premier of the Province on the matter of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, finally overturning the government.

As a debater, Mr. Boyle is conversational in his method; moderate and quiet. His speeches show him to be a close student both of politics and affairs, so that his words seldom fail to carry conviction. Perhaps, this is the best that can be written of a debater. It was the late Fra Elbertus who claimed that oratory is an unworthy art, the prime requisite for a speaker being to feel deeply and to have a message. If a man have these, with good intelligence and good health, he cannot fail to impress his hearers.

As a *raconteur* Mr. Boyle probably excels any other member on the Government side of the House, but to hear him at his best, you must visit him at his summer home on the beautiful Lake Wabamun when the teachers, trustees, and scholars have alike ceased from troubling and the weary are truly at rest.

His Postscript

By Eric A. Darling

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

ON three walls of the room in which John Glending sat, lost in abstraction, were many books, a portion of the finest library of corporate law in the province. In the waste basket beside him were many fragments of the stationery that lay upon the desk before him. A sheet of it, covered with writing, the ink of which had long since dried, lay beneath an idle pen. A small desk clock, half buried in a mass of papers hurriedly thrust aside, struck a muffled hour, and a late one, but its warning fell upon unheeding ears.

Though Glending was an indefatigable worker—as the man who is accounted the best corporate counsel in a great city must needs be—there were but few books upon his desk this evening or upon the floor about it, and the paper before him bore a simple monogram in blue, in place of the imprint of the firm of which he was the head. It was the beginning of a purely personal letter written to a woman several hundreds of miles away.

"My Dear Miss Huntington," it ran, "I feel that what I have to say may come all unexpectedly to you, and I find it strangely difficult to express in words the thought that, since many months, has become so intimately a part of my life.

"I am a lonely man and have been so for over twenty years—ever since the death of my mother, in fact. I have been blessed with some few good friends, it is true—and I have them still — but never until this last summer have I realized that for me, as well as other men, there might be one closer than all others." And here the writing ceased.

THERE was a great earnestness in Glending's steady gray eyes and in the straight lines of his clean-shaven lips, as he sat half-swung about in his chair, studying with introspective gaze the surface of a blotter decorated with many dotted diagrams pointing to a considerable period of meditation. Once the momentary shadow of a grim smile played about his lips, as again he glanced over the result of an hour's arduous labor. There is a certain humor, after all, in the thought of a man of forty odd, whose hair is already silvered and thinned by the touch of time, composing his first love letter—but again, and the smile vanished abruptly, it is a serious matter when this same letter is to ask the woman to marry him, a woman, too, who perhaps has not given his memory a thought since their last meeting of two months before.

During the past two years Glending had met her now and again, casually, as she visited at the home of a mutual friend, but affairs had pressed heavily upon him, and immersed in the exacting duties of his professional career, he had found time to think of her only as he would have of any other lovely woman. Then, during the summer just sped, they had chanced to spend three blessed weeks at the same picturesque retreat in the Rockies. When his brief vacation had run its alloted length and the time came to depart, Glending had awakened, as from a dream, and with a vague intuition of how it was to be with him from that time on.

She had given him no sign, however, that he, unskilled in the ways of womankind, could read with any certainty; and out of the very unexpectedness and novelty of the situation he had left her with no word as to his inner state. Ever a self-contained man, this new mysterious force in his life had been compelled to battle for supremacy with the various other interests of a busy, successful career, to prove, as it were, its mettle. Still, within a pitifully brief interval of time the experience of twenty years had gone down to defeat before that of three weeks, and the letter now lying incomplete before him was to be the token of an unconditional surrender.

Its phrasing, however, had proven an unexpected stumbling block to Glending; he could not dictate it to his stenographer, as he did his other correspondence while pacing the length of his office floor, and it was only when he had lighted his last cigar that the realization had come to him- that if anything were to be done that night it must be done at once—and so, haltingly his pen took to paper once more. Gradually the sound of its scratching became continuous, but only at rare intervals was its note of any confidence, and when the writer finally pushed back his chair it was with a sigh of dissatisfaction rather than of relief.

The letter lay before him now, ready for the morning mail—and it seemed to him he had never been guilty of so inadequate an effort with so much at stake. As he rose, he looked down wistfully at the address—her own dear name, and impulsively he snatched it up and pressed it for a moment to his

lips, only to replace it hastily and glance involuntarily about the room—subconsciously rebelling at a habit of mind that made this seem an act of momentary madness. What a pitifully small fraction, after all, of all that stirred vaguely within him, had been able to escape upon paper! Would it all seem cold and formal to her, perhaps even suggestive of dry documents?

He sank back in his chair, took the letter out and read it over hopefully once more, but it had not changed. Indeed it seemed worse than before, and he thrust it back into its envelope with a groan; tossed it unsealed upon the desk to await the decision of the morning. Then, rising swiftly, he switched off the lights and passed into his bedroom beyond, where he soon slept heavily, dreamlessly as some men can, who deal in large affairs.

AN hour later Harvey St. Clair quietly entered the library by way of a window. He crossed the middle room cautiously and stood a moment listening at the bedroom door. . . . then entered. . . . after a brief interval reappearing with a roll of bills, a watch and several scarfpins, all acquired with a technique so faultless as to leave the sleeper undisturbed.

Slipping back then, shadowlike, to the first room, the intruder carefully closed and locked the door behind him, drew the heavy window shades and switched on the lights. At sudden sight of the books about him his pale, almost ascetic face lighted up with an inner joy; his breath came quickly with a sharp, rapturous intake. From shelf to shelf, to case to case, he passed eagerly, ranging about the room, removing a book here and there, scanning its pages rapidly and returning to its place.

At length he paused by a little liquor cabinet to pour a glass of wine. When he had emptied this, he lighted one of his own cigars, since Glending's stock was obviously exhausted, and sank with a sigh of luxurious satisfaction into the great chair before the open desk. He, too, had practised at the bar in the days before he had signed another man's will a week subsequent to that gentleman's departure from this life, which grave anachronism, unfortunately discovered, had cut short a promising legal career; but had opened up—after a hiatus of some years—a wide field in another direction. In time, St. Clair's facile pen had become a source of considerable anxiety to the bankers of many cities at home and even abroad.

St. Clair had not always been his name. At various times and in divers places he had possessed himself of many others, and in the beginning—previous to the years of the hiatus—but why enter into this at all? One name is as good as another, and so why hold it 'gainst a man if now and then he covet a change?

There is a sort of humor in the thought of a man of forty odd, whose hair is already silvered and thinned by the touch of time, composing his first love letter

SEATED now at Glending's desk his thin face softened with a wonderful content; the appeal of the room was not to be denied. Whimsically, he stretched forth his hand towards the electric button that rang the call-bell; it seemed good to have someone at his summons again. A long while ago it had been always that way, and even now he could pay well for such service—were it not that he who walks in shadowy paths can trust no one, and needs must walk alone.

Remembrance warned, and with a little frown he withdrew his hand, and fell to gazing meditatively into vacancy through wreaths of fragrant smoke-clouds, an indiscretion peculiarly dear to him while in strange apartments late at night.

St. Clair would not have you think of him as a common thief. Nor does he belong in the Raffles class, nor yet again in that of the occasional offender. An affair such as to-night's is with him merely a turn, indulged in only out of regular business hours, and even then at but rare intervals—something to be taken as a desperate remedy—an intellectual cocktail, as it were, to be sipped with due deliberation and thorough appreciation, not taken at a gulp for the sake of the after-effects.

As his hand settled back upon the desk his fingers closed unconsciously upon the letter lying there and began

to play with it, absently turning it end for end while his abstracted gaze still lingered upon the opposite wall of the room. Ever imaginative and impressionable, he saw himself in his mind's eye back at the bar again; and sitting at ease in Glending's chair, he began reviewing, by way of mental exercise, the celebrated C. R. and W. Merger Case—that astute lawyer's latest triumph—with the data of which he was richly supplied by the newspaper accounts he had eagerly followed at the time.

Some minutes had elapsed in this pleasant occupation when the half-concealed clock at his elbow struck the hour. Startled by the interruption he wheeled sharply about to the desk where his glance fell full upon the address of the letter in his hand. The writing was very plainly to be read, but he studied it carefully for some time before he swung clear of the desk again, and fell to smoking a trifle harder than before.

As he smoked he eyed the knob of the door across the room, but had Glending turned it now and entered, he might have done so unchallenged and possibly unobserved—for out in the room, somewhere between St. Clair's eyes and the door, floated a girl's face, vague, tremulous and compelling, and the eyes of it were soft and dimmed with tears and the mouth was very sad.

FASCINATED, the man sat gazing, no longer smoking, but with tight pressed lips that quivered slightly now and then, as though about to form a name. Then as the vision slowly blurred and faded to a mist that gathered in his eyes, he turned to the desk again and bent over it a face suddenly grown pinched and gray.

The letter he still held clutched in his thin, white fingers was unsealed. He pulled the contents partly out, and hesitated—but by what right, after all, did this other man presume to write to *her*? He opened and read, and as he read his lips parted in a faint smile. Poor child! Must love then come to her again in so pitiful a guise? His fingers moved instinctively to crush the letter—but to what end? Another no better, possibly even worse, would surely follow—and, too, Glending was successful and a wonderful lawyer; no one could gainsay this. St. Clair shrugged his shoulders as the spectre of a dead ambition rose up to mock him.

Half musingly he picked up a pen and copied Glending's bold signature upon a scrap of paper. It was a startling success, the work of a master hand, and a smile of cynical approval played about the master workman's lips as he compared copy and original, stroke for stroke, letter for letter. But the bitterness faded from the smile and it grew tender as he looked out into the room again and whispered her name, softly. Then slowly he began to copy a few lines of the letter itself and then more rapidly, until at length several sheets of paper were closely covered with writing. Studying these critically for a few moments, he thrust them into his pocket and then drew beneath his pen the last sheet of Glending's letter, blank save for a few lines upon one page and the signature.

As he wrote, his face flushed and softened, but when he finally straightened in his chair and returned the letter to its envelope, all the hard lines had returned and his eyes were dull and sombre—the gates of Paradise were closed once more and the room had grown suddenly cold. With a shiver he rose from the desk, hesitated a moment, and took from his pocket the roll of bills, then the watch and scarf-pins. With these in hand he started across the room toward the door leading to the bedroom; but with his hand upon the knob he paused.

"After all, professional services are worth a fee," he muttered as he retraced his steps. Then the lights switched off and the figure melted into the gloom from whence it had appeared, passing noiselessly through the open window.

IN the morning Glending discovered his loss, but in the face of things 'twas insignificant. Had he been poorer or less in love it might have troubled him, but at present, to him, the letter he had writ the night before was the all-important thing. He found he could not bring himself to scan its lines again, before mailing; this was perhaps as well since he found presently that he had sealed it after all, in place of leaving it open as intended.

A kind Providence, it seemed, had long previous adopted John Glending for her favored child, and it was scarce a day later that this old mountebank of a world had changed its guise for him at the magic of a woman's call, clicked off over miles of space in that little word "come."

A little later still—and the interim does not concern us—he exclaimed in modest bewilderment: "But, Lois, I can't understand just how my letter could have made all the difference to you that you say it did? It was hard enough to write and it seemed to say so little after all."

"It was not the letter itself, John, that you have to thank for being here," she exclaimed, with the tremulous, throaty laugh of a woman who knows herself to be well loved. "It was the postscript, dear!"

"The postscript!"

"Why, yes—you had forgotten it?" The rising inflection was ominous and Glending, though sorely puzzled, replied hastily: "No-o, but the fact is, I can't recall very well *anything* I wrote that night, except that it all was most unsatisfactory." He was the cool and crafty lawyer now, cautiously feeling his way toward [illegible] unknown danger. "I wish, though, you would let me see the letter again, if you don't mind; I may have written something in—"

"What a silly thing to ask!" she interrupted spiritedly. "From the way you talk I don't believe you could identify it!" And it was only after much cajolery that Glending finally possessed himself of the lines he had written.

He smiled to himself in generous pity as he glanced them over, but the smile faded into guarded impassiveness when he came to the postscript, written apparently by his [illegible] hand, but of which he had not the slightest remembr[illegible]

> "My very dear Sweetheart, I cannot let this poor letter go to you without another word. My arms are empty to-night, dear one—and my heart is aching as old memories return and you [illegible] face eclipses all the world. Believe me, little girl, the only hope of heaven for me lies in your brown eyes, and I thirst—dear God how I thirst!—to drink of their clear depths again and in that holy rite to become a better, truer man. Love me, Lois, love me but a little, and I will cause that love to grow into a mighty thing. I will cherish you, dear heart, and worship you. Your soft hand shall guide me where it will and your sweet voice shall teach me to utter again the prayers I have forgotten. It is late—and dark out of doors, dear, and cold. I am alone, so much alone—"

Glending's head was bowed and his face averted as he read the lines he might have written twenty years before. When he had finished he was breathing heavily and his eyes were shining. A tender smile illumined his face as he turned to the girl standing close beside him, gazing up with puzzled expectant eyes. A strange, yes a wonderful thing had come to pass, he knew, and knew also that he must not undeceive her now. Then quite suddenly, as he looked into her eyes, the ice of twenty years, thinned and loosened by a late sun, broke away with a mighty rush and in a moment he had crushed her in his arms, sweeping her to him in a great wave of long pent-up emotion that forced a moan of pain from her parted lips as she threw back her head and smiled up into his eager face.

"Dear," he whispered, as he kissed her, "the letter itself was a poor thing—an altogether different man wrote the postscript. With God's help and yours little girl, I'll be that man to you, always."

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White

A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesmen back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesman wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.

"I SIGNED a policy as the culmination of 24 hours of terror." So spoke the banker as the merchant finished his story and the buzz of comment died away. The little group of travelers drew closer together and even the "prospect" showed signs of interest. The banker drew a final puff of smoke from his cigar and tossing it away gazed in silence out of the window across the plain of snow.

"I was married in 1885," he suddenly continued. "At that time I was a clerk in the bank of which I am now a manager. I had a good salary and good prospects, but I had no property and my savings were practically exhausted by our honeymoon trip. The initial expenses of furnishing a home finished the account and the first month of our return showed us depending upon my salary alone. In spite of this fact I was willing to take out a policy and in fact had a vague idea that I really owed such a step to my wife and to myself.

"An agent called upon me one afternoon and after going over his offer I was about to sign when my wife suddenly appeared at the bank. Her errand was a minor one dealing with a social engagement and we soon settled the matter. I then introduced her to the agent and told her of the step I was about to take. Imagine my surprise when she opposed the idea vigorously. She failed to give a reason at the time and only begged me to wait until she had talked with me at our home that night. Insistence on my part seemed to throw her into a state of almost terror and to avoid a scene I told the agent to see me the next day. My wife left the bank with tears in her eyes and I went back to work in a state of mingled wonder and annoyance.

"After dinner that night as we sat before the fire in our little library the question of insurance was introduced by myself. I insisted upon knowing why she opposed an idea that could only be beneficial to herself. After a few stammering phrases she suddenly rushed into my arms and with her head on my shoulder whispered a message into my ears that turned me first cold with the shock and then alive with delight. I imagine that the majority of you men have passed through that wonderful hour when you first knew that you are to have a bearer of your name, a tiny bit of humanity that will hold your heart and your life and your ambitions in its hands. It is a wonderful hour and a solemn one. The girl you love is soon to go down into the valley of shadow and the wings of joy are clipped by the whisper of terror. Will she come back from that journey? After our first transports were over and our first air castles pierced the sky and our reason once more held sway I asked:

"But why should this cause you to oppose insurance? Surely now it is all the more necessary to have protection in case anything should happen."

"It was then she told me with tears and little gasping laughs at her own weakness. It seems that an aunt, an old country woman with queer ideas, had told her that insurance taken at this time would tend to keep her thoughts on my possible death and exert a morbid tendency on our unborn child. In vain I pleaded and argued and scoffed. My wife was firm and begged me not to take the policy. At last I promised. I know it was a mistake. I should have dropped the subject and taken out the policy a little later without her knowledge and I believe the good gained thereby would far overbalance any possible construction of the action as deceit. However, I did promise. As the days passed I found myself in a constantly increasing state of terror. The pyschological effect of the knowledge that should anything happen to me the girl would be left penniless in the greatest moment of her life was terrible. I could not cross a street without fear of a runaway team, I could not pass a bit of construction without feeling a rush of stone above my head that might leave her a widow and our child without a father.

"WE had decided to move her to a hospital at the proper time, where she could get all the benefits of science that our small home would tend to cramp. I was called one night or rather early one morning to the hospital. They would not allow me in the room. For hours I paced the floor in agony, starting at every sound, cringing at every creak of the board that my fear enlarged to a shriek. At last I could stand it no longer and I stumbled into the street. It was dawn, but a fog made the things dim and uncertain. I walked rapidly and aimlessly. Suddenly I was conscious of the nearness of a railroad and a little later I found myself in the yards. I tripped over rails and ties and once I bumped against a switch light. I stepped back and next moment my foot was in a 'frog'. I twisted and turned and jerked without result.

"The fog grew deeper. A shriek of a whistle sounded in my ears and the rails began to sing. A cold sweat broke out over my body and my eyes strained into the gloom toward a spot where a faint glow bespoke the headlight of an engine. My thoughts flew to the girl in her agony and what this would mean to her. I screamed again and again. The train steadily grinding closer and closer and as I beat my hands together I found myself repeating over and over 'Left without hope, without means, what will she do?'

"It was then I cursed myself for my weakness and picture after picture passed my mind. I saw her frail and weak bending over a whirring machine in a factory. I saw her standing weary and forlorn behind a counter and saw her sobbing alone in a shabby room in the silence of the night. With a roar and crash the train swept down and I closed my eyes. I think I fainted, for when I opened them the train was out of sight and the song of the rails was a mere hum. A ray of golden sunshine pierced the fog and I saw I was caught in a rusting sidetrack that had not known a train in months. The switch was within reach. I turned it myself and my foot was free. I limped to the hospital and met the house surgeon at the door. He was smiling and I knew that all was well.

"Gentlemen, I took out a policy that day. My wife agrees with me now that not even the spirit of mistaken love should prevent the man of family from getting protection and that a policy is as important as a license on the wedding day."

THE traveling man pushed his sample case under the seat as the banker finished his story and stretched his feet into the aisle. From his pocket he drew a small leather case and handed it to his nearest neighbor. The little group gathered close, each anxious to see the "girl" they were so certain it contained. But as the cover snapped open a sweet face fringed in silvery hair smiled up at them and they knew before he spoke that here was the traveling man's mother.

"I carry $5,000, for her," he said. "I have carried it for five years. I am a bachelor and she is my only relative. When I took out the policy I only acted upon a conviction that I had carried for three months and one that came from hearing a cry in the dark. Here is the story:

"I had stopped at a little junction point in Saskatchewan to sell a customer and to make connections with a north bound train that would take me into Regina the next morning. It was a dreary little town without a single amusement feature and after the lights were lit at night there was nothing for the stranger to do but sit about the lobby of the little frame hotel and read week-old papers by the light of a smoky lamp.

"I stood it until nine o'clock and then sought my room. Most of you know what sort of a room it was. About ten feet square with a single dirty window nailed shut, an ancient bed and a drunken wash stand with a cracked bowl and pitcher. The sheets were damp and clammy, and I shivered as I crept between them. Only the fact that I was dead tired allowed me to sleep at all and then it was a restless slumber. The rain began falling about midnight—a slow dreary rain that had no cheerful patter, only a mournful drip, drip, drip. The wind rose a bit and sobbed about the eaves and a dog howled in the village. The crazy old house creaked and snapped, and in spite of myself I could not help but think of ghosts and spooks and evil deeds. I pictured my own comfortable room at home with its snowy bed and cheerful fire-place. I thought of mother in her big chamber with its pretty furnishings and warmth. I had not been the best son in the world, maybe, but I had always seen to her comfort to the best of my ability. I wondered how she would stand such a room as I now had or how she would like to live in a place like that hotel. I had just dismissed this thought with a sigh and was sinking into another doze when suddenly I sat upright in bed with every hair in my head on end and cold shivers chasing up and down my back.

"A CRY, a terrible wailing sob—the hopeless call of a soul in torment—rang through the halls of the hotel. A single solitary cry that sank into a silence more terrible than the cry itself. I sprang to my feet and dressed as rapidly as my shivering fingers would permit. With the lamp in my hand I stepped into the black hollow of the hall. I walked toward the stairs with the intention of making my way to the office and demanding an explanation, a search if necessary. As I passed the last door before the stairway, however, my straining ears caught a muffled sobbing. I stepped close to the door and mingled with the sobbing came broken sentences, choking words and long agonized gasps. It was a woman, undoubtedly, a woman in trouble.

"I will not stop to go over my thoughts, my hesitations or my doubts. I knocked and the sounds ceased for a moment. Then came a voice that I knew was trying to be brave, but that human powers of suppression could not hold steady.

" 'Yes. Yes,' she said. 'I'm ready. I'm coming.'

"The door opened and by the combined glow of my lamp and the one the figure before me held I saw the author of the cry. She was an old woman, a very old woman. She was dressed in black, rusty black that bespoke deepest poverty. Her head was covered with a shawl and a few locks of silver hair framed the saddest face I ever saw. Tears gleamed in the old eyes and rested in the furrows of the parchment like cheeks. Her lips trembled pitiably and one hand clutched at a little bundle. As she saw me through the haze of her tears she stepped back.

Continued on page 58.

Off the Retired List

By Percival Gibbons

Illustrated by Will Crawford

SEAFARING men knew it for a chief characteristic of Captain Price—his quiet, unresting watchfulness. Forty years of sun and brine had bunched the puckers at the corners of his eyes and hardened the lines of his big brown face; but the outstanding thing about him was still that silent wariness, as of a man who had warning of something impending. It went a little strangely with his figure of a massive, steel-and-hickory shipmaster, soaked to the soul with the routine of his calling. It seemed to give token of some faculty held in reserve, to hint at an inner life, as it were; and not a few of the frank and simple men who went to sea with him found it disconcerting. Captains who could handle a big steamship as a cyclist manages a bicycle they had seen before; they recognized in him the supreme skill, the salt-pickled nerve, the iron endurance of a proven sailor; but there their experience ended and the depths began.

Sooner or later, most of them went to the *Burdock's* chief mate for an explanation of the unknown quality. "What makes your father act so?" was a common form of the question. Arthur Price would smile and shake his handsome head.

"It's not acting," he would say. "You drop off to sleep some night on this bridge, and you'll find out what he's after. He's after you if you don't keep your weather eye liftin'; and don't you forget it."

In those days the *Burdock* had a standing charter from Cardiff to Barcelona and back with ore to Swansea, a comfortable round trip which brought the Captain and his son home for one week in every five. It suited the mate's convenience excellently, for he was a man of social habits and he had at last succeeded in interesting Miss Minnie Davis in his movements. She was the daughter of the *Burdock's* owner and Arthur Price's cousin in some remote degree, a plump, clean, clever Welsh girl, of quick intelligence and pleasant good nature. He was a tall young man, a little leggy in his way, who filled the eye splendidly. Women said of him that he "looked every inch a sailor"; matrons who watched his progress with Minnie Davis considered that they would make a handsome couple. Captain Price, for all his watchfulness, saw nothing of the affair. He approved of Minnie, though; she was born to a share in that life in which ships are breadwinners, and never had to be shoo'd out of the way of hauling or hoisting gear when she came down aboard the *Burdock* in dock. Her way was straight across the deck to the poop ladder and for'ard to the chart house along the fore-and-aft bridge, trim, quiet-footed, familiar. "What did you find in the Bay?" she would ask, as she shook hands with Captain Price; and he would answer as to one who understood: "It was piling up a bit from the sou'-west"; or "smooth enough to skate on," as the case might be. Then, without further formality, he would return to his papers, and Arthur Price would hand over his work to the third mate and wash his hands before coming up to make himself agreeable. He always had more to say about the trip than his father, and he was prone to translate the weather into shore speech. Minnie only half liked his fashion of talking of "storms" and "tempests"; but there was plenty else in him she liked well enough. Best of all, perhaps, she liked the sight of him—a head taller than his father, clean-shaven and accurately groomed, smiling readily and moving easily, he was a capital picture.

She fell into a way of driving down to see the *Burdock* off. It was thus that Captain Price learned how matters stood. He came straight from the agents to the ship, on a brisk July day, and went off to her at her buoys in the mud-pilot's boat. All was clear for a start and the lock was waiting; Arthur Price, in the gold-laced cap he used as due to his rank was standing by to cast off. The Captain went forthwith to the bridge; Minnie on the dock-head could see his black shorehat over the weather cloths and his white collar of ceremony. She smiled a little, for she did not know quite enough to see the art with which the Captain drew off from his moorings under his own steam, nor his splendid handling of the big boat as he bustled her down the crowded dock and laid her blunt nose cleanly between the piers of the lock. She was watching the brass-buttoned chief mate lording it on the fo'c'sle head, as he passed the lines to haul into the lock; Captain Price was watching him, too. He saw him smiling and talking over the rail to the girl.

"Slack off that spring," he roared suddenly, as they began to let the ship down to the sea level: and the mate jumped for the coil on the bitts.

"Keep your eyes about you, for'ard there," ordered the Captain tersely.

"Aye, aye, sir," sang out the mate cheerfully.

The mud pilot, beside the captain on the bridge, grinned agreeably.

"Arthur's got an eye in his head, indeed," he remarked, and lifted his cap to Minnie.

The Captain snorted, and gave his whole attention to hauling out, only turning his head at the last minute to wave a farewell to his owner's daughter. The mud pilot took charge and brought her clear; and as soon as he had gone over to his boat, the Captain rang for full steam ahead and waited for the mate to take the bridge.

The young man came up smiling. "It's a fine morning, father," he remarked as he walked over to the binnacle.

"Mister Mate," said the Captain harshly; "you all but lost me that hawser."

"Just in time, wasn't I?" replied the mate, pleasantly.

"I don't reckon to slack off and take in my lines myself," went on the Captain. "I reckon to leave that to my officers. And if an officer carries away a five-inch 'manilla through makin' eyes at girls on the pier head, I dock his wages for the cost of it and I log him for neglectin' his duty."

The mate looked at him sharply for a moment; the Captain scowled back.

"Have you got anything to say to me?" demanded the Captain.

"Yes," said the mate, "I have." He broke into a smile. "But it's something I can't say while you're actin' the man-o'-war Captain on your bridge. It doesn't concern the work o' the ship."

"What does it concern?" asked the Captain.

"Me," said the mate. He folded his arms across the binnacle and looked into his father's face confidentially. The Captain softened.

"Well, Arthur?" he said.

"That was Minnie on the pier head," said the mate. The Captain nodded. "I was up at their place last night," the young man continued, "and we had a talk—she and I—and so it came about that we fixed things between us. Mr. Davis is agreeable, so long——"

"Hey, what's this?" The Captain

stared at his son amazedly. "What was it you fixed up with Minnie?"

"Why, to get married," replied the mate, reddening. "I was telling you. Her father's willing, as long as we wait till I get a command before we splice."

"*You* to marry Minnie!" The mate stiffened at the emphasis on the you. The Captain was fighting for expression. "Why," he said, "why—why,' you'd 'a' carried away' that hawser if I hadn't sung out at ye."

"Father," said the mate, "Mr. Davis'll give me a ship."

"What ship?" demanded the Captain.

"The first he can," replied the other. "He's thinkin' of buyin' the *Stormberg*, Wrench Wylie's big freight, and he'd shift you on to her. Then I'd have the *Burdock*."

"Then you'd have the *Burdock*!" The Captain leaned his elbow on the engine-room telegraph and faced his son. His expression was wholly compounded of perplexity and surprise. He let his eyes wander aft, along the big ship's trim perspective to the short poop, and forward to where her bluff bows sawed at the skyline.

"She's a fine old boat," he said at last and stood up with a sigh. "But she needs watching."

The mate felt a thrill of relief. "I'll watch her," he said comfortably. "But don't you want to wish me luck, father?"

"Not luck," said the Captain; "not luck, my boy. You run her to a hair and keep your eyes slit and you won't want luck. Luck's a lubber's standby. But Minnie's a fine girl." He shook his head thoughtfully. "She'll rouse you up, maybe."

The mate laughed, and at the sound of it the Captain frowned again.

"Now, lean off that binnacle," he said shortly. "I want to get the departure."

It was not till an hour later that he went to his cabin to shed his shoregoing gear for ordinary apparel; and as soon as this was done he reached down the register from the book shelf over his bunk to look up the *Stormberg*.

"H'm," he growled, standing over the book at his desk. "Built in 1889 on the Clyde. *I* know her style. Five thousand tons and touch the steam steering gear if you dare! Blast her and blast Davis for a junk-buying fool!"

He closed the book with a slam and glanced mechanically up at the tell-tale compass that hung over his bed.

"There's Arthur half a point off already," he said and made for the bridge.

Arthur Price believed honestly that more was exacted from him than from other chief mates; and early in that passage he concluded that the Old Man was severer than ever. The *Burdock* butted into a summer gale before she was clear of the Bristol Channel, a free wind that came from the southwest driving a biggish sea before it. It was nothing to give real trouble, but Captain Price took charge in the dog watch and set the mate and his men to making all fast about decks. With his sou-wester flapped back from his forehead and his oilskin coat shrouding him to the heels, he leaned on the bridge rail vociferous and imperative, and his harsh voice hunted the workers from one task to another. He had lashings on the anchors and fresh wedges to the battens of all hatches; the winches chocked off and covered over and new pins in the davit blocks. This took time, but when it was done he was not yet satisfied; the mate had to get out gear and rig a couple of preventer funnel stays. The men looked ahead at the weather and wondered what the skipper saw in it to make such a bother; the second and third mates winked at one another behind Arthur Price's back; and he, the chief mate, sulked.

"That's all, I suppose?" he asked the Captain when he got on the bridge again at last.

"No," was the sharp answer. "It's not all. Speak the engine room and ask the chief how he's hitting it."

"All sweet," reported the mate as he hung up the speaking tube.

"That's right," said the Captain. "You always want to know that, Mister Mate. And the lights?"

"All bright, sir," said the mate.

"Then you can go down and get something to eat," said the Captain. "And see that the hand wheel's clean as you go."

It breezed up that night, and as the *Burdock* cleared the tail of Cornwall, the heavy Atlantic water came aboard. She was a sound ship, though, and Captain Price knew her as he knew the palms of his hands. Screened behind the high weather cloths, he drove her into it, while the tall seas filled her forward main deck rail-deep and her bows pounded away in a mast-high smother of spray. From the binnacle amidships to the weather wing of the bridge was his dominion, while the watch officer straddled down to leeward; both with eyes boring at the darkness ahead and on either beam, where there came and went the pin-point lights of ships.

Arthur Price relieved the bridge at midnight, but the Captain held on.

"Ye see how she takes it?" he bawled down the wind to his son. "No excuse for steaming wide; ye can drive her to a hair. Keep your eyes on that light to port; we don't want anything bumping into us."

"You wouldn't ease her a bit, then?," shouted the mate, the wind snatching his words.

"Ease her!" was the reply. "You'd have her edging into France. She'll lie her course while we drive her."

When dawn came up the sea had mounted; the Bay was going to be true to its name. Captain Price went to his chart house at midnight, to sleep on a settle; but by his orders the *Burdock* was kept to her course and her gait, battering away at the gale contentedly. After breakfast, he took another look round and then went below to rest in his bunk, while the tell-tale swam in wild eccentrics above his up-turned face. After a while he dozed off to sleep, lulled by the click of furnishings that rendered to the ship's roll, the drum of the seas on her plates and the swish of loose water across the deck.

He was roused by his steward That menial laid a hand on his shoulder and he was forthwith awake and competent.

"A ship to windward, sir, showin' flags," said the steward. "The mate 'ud be glad if you'd go to the bridge"

"A'right," said the Captain, and stood up. "In distress, eh?"

"By the looks of her, sir," admitted the steward, who had been a waiter ashore. "She seems to be a mast or two short, sir, so far as I can tell. But I couldn't be sure."

He helped the Captain into his oilskins deftly, pulling his jacket down under the long coat, and held the door open for him.

Some three miles to windward the stranger lay, an appealing vagabond. The Captain found his son standing on the flag-chest, braced against a stanchion, watching her through a pair of glasses, when she peeped up, a momentary silhouette, over the tall seas. He turned as the Captain approached.

"Can't make out her flags, sir," he said. "Too much wind. Looks like a barque with only her mizzen standing."

"Gimme the glass," said the Captain, climbing up beside him. He braced himself against the irons and took a look at her, swinging accurately to the roll of the ship. Beneath him the wind-whipped water tumbled in gray leagues, the stranger seemed poised on the rim of it. From her gaff, a dot of a flag showed a blur against the sky, and a string from her mast head was equally vague.

"That'll be her ensign upside down at the gaff, he said. "Port your helm there; we'll go down and look at her."

"Aye, aye, sir." The mate passed the word and came over. "How would it be to see one of the boats clear, father?"

"Aren't the boats clear?" demanded the Captain.

"Oh, yes, they're clear," replied the mate. "You had us put new pins in the blocks, you know." He met his father's steady eye defiantly. "When are a steamer's boats ever clear for hoisting out?" he asked.

"Always, when the mate's fit for his job," was the answer. "Go and make sure of the starboard lifeboat, and call the watch."

The Captain took his ship round to windward of the distressed vessel, running astern of her within a quarter of a mile. She proved to be the remains of a barque, as the mate had guessed, a deep-laden wooden ship badly swept by the sea. From the wing of the bridge the Captain's glasses showed him the length of her deck, cluttered with the wreck of houses torn up by the roots, while the fall of the spars had taken her starboard bulwarks with it. Her boats were gone; a davit stuck up at the end of the poop crumpled like a ram's horn; and by the taffrail her worn and sodden crew clustered and cheered the *Burdock*.

The Captain rang off his engines and rang again to stand by in the engine room. The mate came up the ladder to him while his hand was yet at the telegraph.

"Lifeboat's all clear for lowering, sir," he said. "Noble, Peters, Hausen, and Ryland are to go in her." He waited.

The old Captain stood looking at the wreck, while the steamship rolled tumultously in the trough.

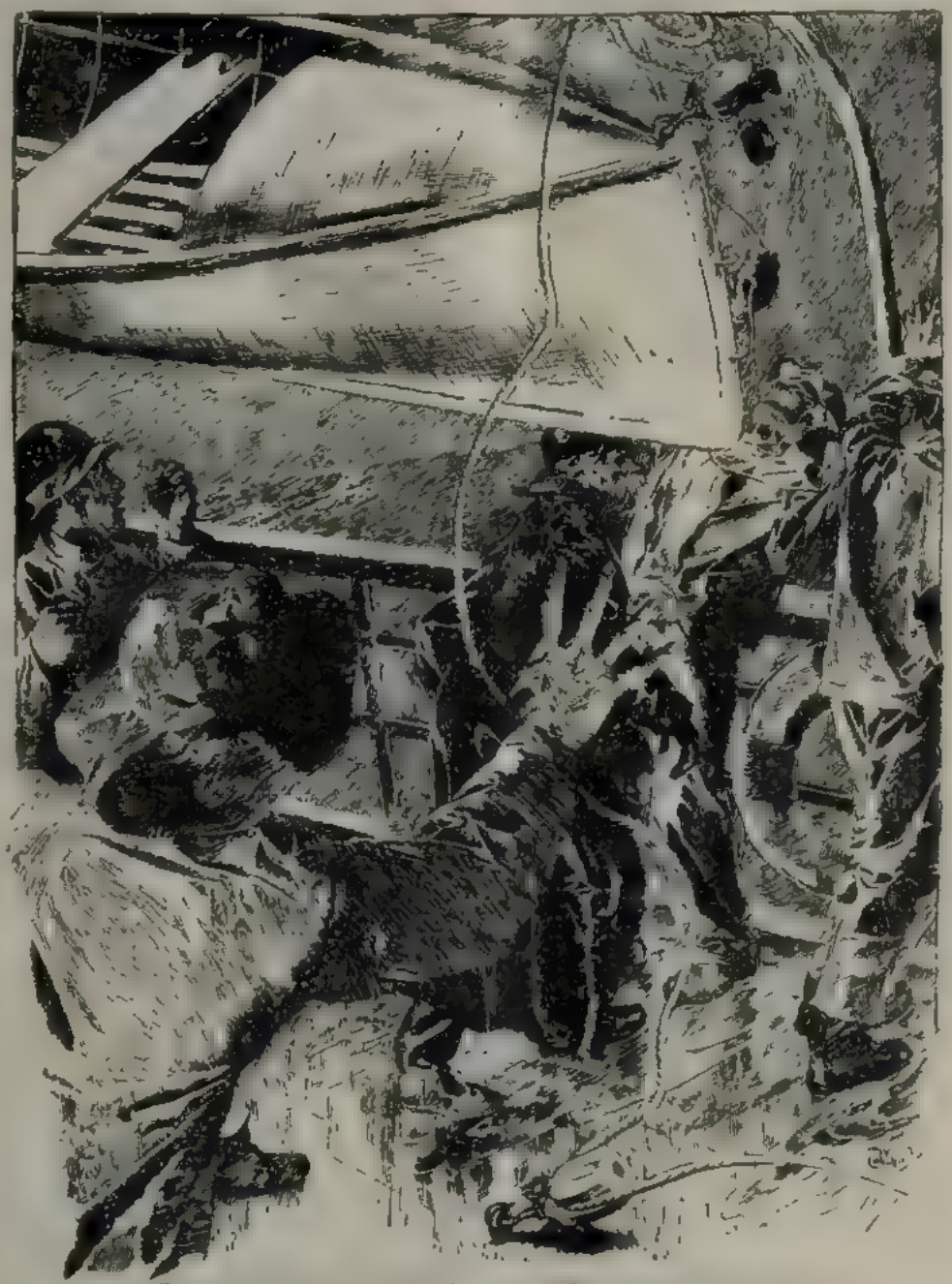
"Who goes in charge?" he asked after a minute's silence.

"I'll go, father," said the mate eagerly. He paused, but the Captain said nothing.

"You know," proceeded the mate, "father, you *do* know, there's none of 'em here can handle a boat like me."

"Ay," said the Captain, "you can do it." He looked at his son keenly. "It 'ud make a good yarn to spin to Minnie," he said, with an unwillin smile.

The mate laughed agreeably. "Dear Minnie," he said. "Then I'll go, father."



The mate screamed, the captain humped his shoulders for the blow

"And I'll just see to the hoisting out of that boat," said the Captain. "Good thing I had you put in the new pins."

The third mate on the bridge rang for steam and made a lee for the lowering of the lifeboat, the hands put a strain on the tackles, and the carpenter and bo'sun went to work to knock out the chocks on which she rested. Her steel-shod keel had rusted into them.

"Hoist away on your forward tackle," ordered the Captain. "Belay! Make fast! Now get a hold of this guy. Lively there, you men. Noble, aloft on the booms and shoulder her over."

She canted clear of the groove in the chocks as they swung the forward davit out and the Captain stepped abaft the men who huled.

"Lively now," he called. "Don't keep those chaps waiting, men. After davit tackle, haul! Up with her."

The bo'sun, stooping, looped the fall of the tackle into the snatch block; the men, under the Captain's eye, tumbled to and gave way, holding the weight gallantly as the rail swung down and putting their backs into the pull as she rolled back.

"Up with her!" shouted the Captain, and she tore loose from her bed. "Vast hauling! Belay! Now out with the davit, men."

He stepped a pace forward as they passed out the line. "Haul away," he was saying, when the bo'sun shouted hoarsely and tried to reach him with a dash across the slippery deck planks. The mate screamed, the Captain humped his shoulders for the blow. It all happened in a flash of disaster; the boat's weight pulled the pin from the chocks of the block and down she came, her stern thudding thickly into the deck, while the Captain, limp and senseless, rolled inertly to the scuppers.

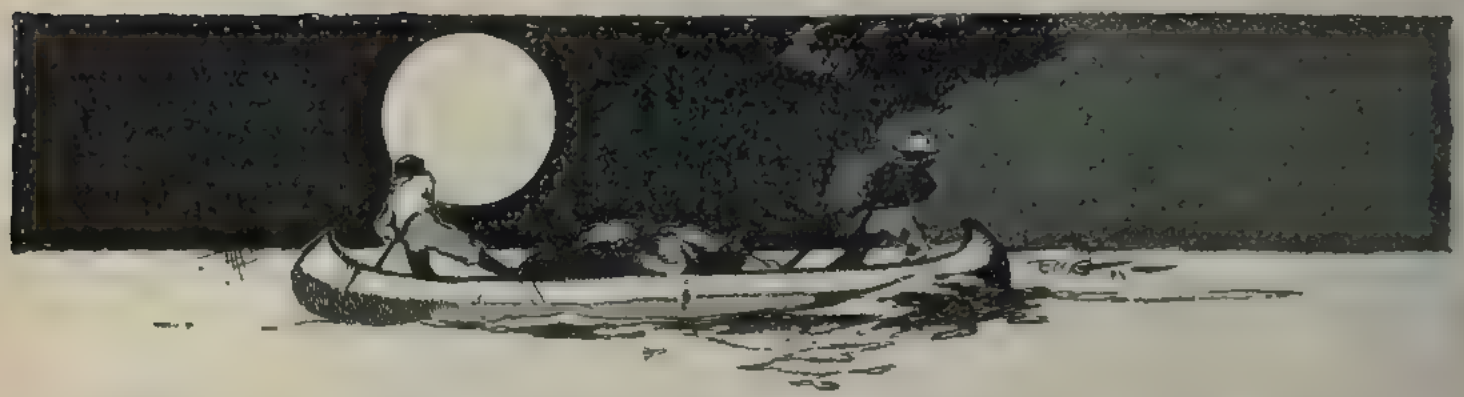
When he came to he was in his bunk. He opened his eyes with a shiver upon the familiar cabin, with its atmosphere of compact neatness, its glea neatness, its gleaming paint

Continued on page 40.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Children were loitering about or playing, ready to pay heed when the school-bell should call them. Ah! Those people would be made to see that he, Paul Barotte, was not the man to forsake his old friend, that he would never desert his partner!

They started and walked along, Ahteck as erect as ever, towering above the smaller companion who was seeking to protect him. He was trying to avoid no man's eyes, and kept on quietly, with long strides, as was his wont. Men stared at him and kept on looking after they had gone by. Those who chanced to pass near him nodded as usual, and they answered his bonjour just as formerly, but they turned after the giant had passed.

There were also many women, young and old, who saw his swollen face. Generally they appeared to be sorry for him. One or two young girls giggled in silly fashion, and then stopped as if somewhat ashamed of themselves. Children put their heads together and whispered, but though they pointed him out to each other he was evidently no object of mirth to them. He was so very big and walked so straight that they stood in awe of him.

But none of these things, at least outwardly, seemed to affect Ahteck at all. It is likely that it was a hardship as great as any he had borne before, but he could stand it as long as he thought he was alone to suffer the pain. He accepted it in silence, easily, like any other heavy burden, while Paul strode behind him, looking somewhat truculent, staring into people's eyes defiantly.

They finally reached the little house and entered it. The two women were there, waiting, their faces showing marks of the long hard vigil spent hand in hand, in silent grief, not knowing what had become of Ahteck or whether they would ever see him again.

"At last thou hast returned," said Uapukun, sighing with relief.

Ahteck went to her, taking her hands.

"All is right with me now," he said. "I had food with Paul at his house. He is a good friend. I am sorry that I gave you both so much worry."

Then he turned to the girl, who was watching him with a beating heart, as a prisoner before a court of justice may look at twelve men returning from settling his fate, not knowing whether their word will set him free or send him to his doom. She was shrinking, in fear, with one hand held out behind her and resting upon the table, as if she felt she might need the support it offered.

"Mititesh," he said, and gently placed a hand upon her shoulder, "I think that the trail is clear, so that we may see some distance ahead, but we know nothing of what lies beyond. It is a new country, and I fear that it holds evil for us. But if thou art willing to travel it with me, and it is still in thy mind to cling to me who was called a coward before all, I shall accept thy great gift. At once I will go and see Father Laroux and seek his counsel."

Mititesh rose to her full stature. A new light was in her eyes; her bosom panted with emotion.

"Go," she said, "go to him, Ahteck, and return when he shall have decided. Thou wilt find me ready to cling to thee, to serve thee while I pray that no evil ever comes to thee that I may not share!"

She rested both hands on his breast, looking into his eyes, her own lighted with the joy and the wondrous power that makes women, all the world over, reck nothing of coming pain if it be the price of love and devotion.

CHAPTER XX.

OUT OF THE STORM

Paul had looked upon this scene with amazement. He had pulled off his woolen cap and scratched his head. As he knew nothing of underlying causes it was a mystery to him. When they walked out of the house together he kept silent for a moment, but could resist no longer his keen desire to speak frankly.

"For years I have known thee, Ahteck," he declared, "and have always wondered at thy silent ways and thy beliefs in coming evils, but now I must say that I can only wonder at thy amazing folly. Is there a man in Pointe Bleue, among those who have not wives already, who would not give all he has for the love of a woman like Mititesh? And now thou art going to see the priest and arrange for thy wedding, with thy face as black as a thunder-cloud and thy manner that of a man about to bury his best beloved one. Indeed I cannot understand thee."

But Ahteck made no answer. It may well be that he had not even listened to his friend. They reached the house of the missionaries, mounting the steps to the veranda, on which were many chairs of queerly twisted roots and branches, made by one of the fathers. When they knocked at the door one of the priests opened it and bade them welcome.

"My father, I have come to speak with Father Laroux," said Ahteck.

"He has been called away to the bedside of a woman who is very ill," answered the priest. "Is there anything I may be able to do for thee?"

"I thank you, Father, but I want to see him. Always he has heard my confession and I seek his help."

"It is well, my son. Return later in

the day and thou wilt find him. But first I have something to say. I have heard of the brawl yesterday and thy face shows but too plainly the injury inflicted upon thee. Thou hast always been a man of peace, and a sober one, never touching strong drink. It is because I know thee so well that I have wondered whether a temptation did not come upon thee to kill that man Peshu, and whether thy strength was not so great that thou wert able to flee from such a crime?"

A smile of happiness lighted up the poor bruised face. Here was a kind and godly man who had found no words to condemn and appeared to know how greatly the hunter had suffered in his pride, how keenly he had felt the awful blow of being proclaimed a coward before all, the fiercest insult a man may ever be offered.

"It is true that I was tempted, Father," he answered. "I knew that if I did not run away I would kill the man."

"I thought so," said the priest. "There remains only for thee to offer up thy injuries to God as a sacrifice in His Holy Name, and I will certainly pray that all blessings may come down on thee and thy people. Always have I known thee as a good man and a kind one to his folk."

An immense feeling of contentment had come over Ahteck. As for Paul, the man could have shouted out his joy, for now, in his eyes, his friend was absolved of all fault.

The priest closed the door, softly, and left the two young men standing there, before the lintel over which had been written in large letters the word *Statomiskatinou*, the Montagnais expression of welcome and good wishes. Paul smote his friend a great blow on the back.

"Ah, now everything is right again!" he exclaimed. "I shall see to it that all these people know what the good father has said. It will be a shame on them. Ay, they will soon know!"

Ahteck quietly nodded. He was well pleased but still remained very thoughtful, for he knew that it was only the thing of least import that had been settled. It amounted to no more than a small stone that might have been swept from his path, and there was still great bowlders to be removed. He did not know whether the good priest to whom he had confessed, and who had never been able to grant him plenary absolution, would consent to marry a man over whose life there hung the black shadow of a murder—of the murder of his own father.

For a few minutes they went into the little church, for a short prayer before the One who had been crucified. After this they returned to the house where Paul triumphantly narrated all

MYSTERY!

Most everyone enjoys a good mystery story—the sort that have many snarled clues and no end of hair raising adventures. The Editors have secured just such a story for the readers of CANADA MONTHLY. It starts in the December issue.

Of course we cannot tell you anything of what the story is about—that would spoil the mystery of it for you.

But we *can* tell you this new serial is chock full of hair-raising incidents of man hunting, woman baiting schemes and plots such as made Conan Doyle's stories by Dr. Watson so famous.

You will want to read all of this new story once you begin it—and you may take our word for it that you will miss a good one if you do not read it.

BEGINS IN DECEMBER ISSUE

that the priest had said. He danced about the room while Uapukun smiled happily and Mititesh, as she looked at Ahteck, felt that in her heart he was constantly becoming greater.

The gate of the little enclosure clicked and Paul looked out of the window, announcing that the Hudson's Bay agent was coming in. He was a fine fellow, and had always liked the two young hunters who brought in such fine catches of peltry and with whom there never was any talk of debt.

"*Bonjour*," he said to the company, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, for the weather was getting hot and sultry.

"*Bonjour, bonjour*," they all answered, while Uapukun hastened to dust a chair for him with her apron.

"Thank you, I can only stay for a moment. That was a fine lot of skins you two lads brought in this time, and I am glad prices hove been good. I came to see thee, Ahteck, since thou art so handy with thy tools. My small sail-boat needs a new rudder-post; come with me and look at it. The boat has been drawn up on the shore. But perhaps thou dost not feel like working to-day! I have heard all about this thing that happened. Why didst thou not knock Peshu's head off, a worthless one who spends in drink that which should go towards paying his debt? I think I know who has been selling the stuff around here, of late, and some day he will be bundled off to jail."

But Ahteck did not answer his question.

"I can work," he replied. "I will go and look at the little sail boat and if I can mend it I will attend to it at once. Thou hast done me many favors I do not forget. But we are about to eat. Wilt thou not sit down with us?"

But the agent declined the invitation, politely, explaining that his wife was waiting for him.

"There is no hurry," he said. "Come as soon as thou art ready."

A half an hour later Ahteck, after finishing his midday meal, and still followed by Paul, who remained at his heels like a faithful dog, went over to the Post, but a few hundred yards away.

"It is becoming terribly hot," said Paul, wiping his brow with the back of his hand. "There is not a breath of wind, and look at the great black clouds that are piling up in the northwest."

Ahteck looked up.

"Yes, it is the coming of a storm," he said, indifferently. "A big storm of wind, with thunder and lightning. The wheat and oats are not yet high enough to be harmed. It will pass like others."

They walked on, in the sultry heat, without paying further heed. Big storms are common enough in summertime on the great lake.

When they reached the Post the agent met them at the door.

"I saw you coming," he said. "We will go down on the beach and look at the boat."

He walked out with them, lighting his pipe, and soon Ahteck was at work, looking over the damage and taking careful measurements.

"I have a fine piece of oak," he said. "It will be just right. I can soon have the boat ready."

"That is good," said the agent. "I am glad I am not out on the lake with it now. How black the sky has grown, and the heat is such as we have not felt this summer! The flies are pestering badly. Just look at that!"

The darkness that was advancing fast was rent by a tremendous flash of lightning, and all at once the wind rose, in wide black flaws spotting the slaty surface of the waters. Then came a crashing peal of thunder with the blowing of heavy gusts that twisted clouds of dust upon the road. Women were rushing out of houses to rescue clothing hanging on the lines. Dogs were sneaking off for the protection they could find under the houses, and the cows, lowing, turned their backs to the gale. Big drops of rain began to fall and those spots on the lake that had been still and leaden in hue became, like the rest of the great sheet, as white as spume, in a long line extending as far as the eye could reach.

Paul had been staring over the lake.

"Mother of Heaven!" he cried. "Is there not a canoe out yonder?"

The other two men glanced along his extended arm and saw it at once. Hardly more than a mile away the frail thing was driving towards shore, pushed by the sweep of the gale.

"I cannot tell who they are," said Ahteck. "They come bow on. Ah! I saw them well that time, with the lightning. There are three paddles. It—it is surely no canoe of Pointe Bleue!"

Other men were coming down the beach, by this time, and watching while they held their hands up to their brows to keep the pelting rain out of their eyes. It was only at intervals that one could see the canoe, between the fierce gusts, and then it would disappear as if blotted out. After a breathless moment they would again see the uplifted bow riding high on the crest of a wave, to sink again in the trough of the following seas.

"They are men who know how to handle a canoe. God help them!" cried the agent.

"See the height of the bow!" shouted an Indian. "It is a big canoe, and not one of our country."

"I have seen many such ones north of Grand Lac!" yelled an ancient *voyageur*.

Ahteck was staring at it, dashing the water from his face with the knuckles of his hand. Yes, he knew that kind of canoe. Many were those he had seen in the region of Grand Mistassini, in those days when the greatest storm of them all had burst upon his head. They were big high bowed things suited for use upon tremendous lakes and on great rivers that had few portages, and were able to stand a fair sea. None of the smaller canoes of Lake St. John would still have been riding such billows as raged by this time.

They were coming nearer fast, and the watchers knew that these were strong men of great skill in the handling of their frail shell. Yet it seemed to them that the travelers were doomed, and the men on shore went down to where the waves were bursting at their feet knowing that if the canoe reached the shore it must be dashed to pieces on the stony beach. There was a possible chance of being able to drag the men out of that seething flood, if the canoe survived the seas for a few minutes more

By this time some women had come down too, and also children, and shrieks of terror came from them. Some made the sign of the cross, uttering hurried prayers and frightened exclamations that were interrupted by gasping breaths when the canoe seemed about to be overwhelmed.

Nearer and nearer still came the strangers, working in desperation, until at last the canoe was within fifty yards from shore, riding deep, for there was much water in it. Then it was uplifted again on the crest of a great combing wave, shot forward, sank down again, and the following billow curled up nigh, roaring, to fall with mighty force upon the stern, which slewed around, buried in the smother. Then the canoe disappeared again, this time rolling in the trough and coming up again, bottom up, with two men still clinging desperately to it as it drifted in fast.

Ahteck had thrown off his coat and shaken off his moccasins on the bench. With a great leap he was in the waves, battling fiercely, with tremendous sweeping strokes of his great arms, with the ferocity of motion of some wild beast battling for its young. Never before had his formidable strength been exerted to its utmost, as now. To him it was a mighty joy to war against these forces, as he knew he could have done against the man who had brought shame upon him. There was nothing to restrain him now —no law of God or fear of Manitou would hold him back!

He redoubled his efforts as he saw, a few yards away, the bobbing head of

the man he was trying to save, who had been unable to cling to the canoe. The waves were tossing him about like some trivial plaything, and he made a few unavailing motions of his arms. Few northern Indians can swim, owing to the short warm season and the icy waters. That head sank out of reach as Ahteck was about to grasp the long hair, but he dived, forcing himself under the surface with the utmost of his power.

He felt a piece of garment and seized it, but in a second two arms were about him, locked in the despair of impending death. The turmoil of the waters lifted them to the surface again, so that Ahteck caught a gasping breath. With a savage effort he tore himself away, clutched the back of the man's shirt, and sought to reach the shore.

A few great waves caught them, uplifted them, flung them on, retreated again with them, and finally cast them with a crash at the feet of the waiting mob. Paul had run waist deep in the water and others had followed him, who grasped at the men and pulled them in. Ahteck was unconscious, with a great gash upon his head, and the other, a very tall Indian with hair silvering over the temples, was dazed and apparently unable to realize that which had happened.

The two men who had clung to the upturned canoe had drifted in fast, submerged most of the time as their craft rolled in the trough. There was no lack of strong hunters to receive them, however, men who took desperate chances of being carried off their feet by the incoming rollers. One of the men was seized by the foot and drawn in, the other let go as the canoe was battered against the stones and flung up high, and a receding wave carried him off. But again he was borne in and a man with a rope about his waist, held by others, pounced upon him and dragged him to safety.

At this time the agent addressed the old man in French, but he shook his head, evidently not understanding a word. After this they tried Montagnais and his features expanded in a foolish smile. Then, in a low voice, he spoke, without replying to the questions addressed to him.

"I have lost my *shpuagan*, my pipe, a very good pipe it was. And this is a great storm, a *meshte lutits*, and nowhere can I find my pipe. I gave a fine skin of *atshukash*, of mink, for it."

The Indians were quick to notice a slight difference of accent and speech in his words, but they had no trouble in understanding him, and touched their brows with their fingers, realizing that there was some trouble with the man's brain.

"It was very fine fur we brought with us. There was *Uapishtan*, martens of the very best, and *Mitsheshu*, fox in great plenty, and very many other kinds. And now I fear it is all lost, as is my *passigan*, my gun, and all our things, and the canoe is all in pieces, and this be surely a wonderful place of many men living in great tents of boards."

He pointed to a cow grazing in a distant field.

"The moose of this land are different from ours, and are not feared of men, and little children go among them. It is wonderful indeed. But the pelts were very fine and now all are lost, and how shall I smoke without a pipe?"

He continued to bewail his losses, childishly, as they carried him up to the Post, for his legs were very shaky. His two companions had already been taken there and were sitting on a bench, shivering under the blankets in which they had been wrapped. Then the men arrived who carried Ahteck, and the little store was crowded with people.

"Run, some of you" cried the agent. "A short time ago I saw the doctor going by. He is likely to be with the man Labiche, the one who cut his foot with an axe. Run fast, I tell you, and bring him back at once to see big Ahteck. Tell him that the man may be dying here! Hurry as fast as you can!"

Two or three departed on this errand, racing down the long road. Ahteck had been placed on the floor, and his head was still bleeding a good deal. His friend Paul knelt beside him, almost distracted, imploring him to speak.

By good fortune the doctor was soon found, arriving in a few minutes. He was the Government physician of the reservation, an intelligent young man.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "A drowned man, they tell me! He is not drowned at all, see how he breathes. Why! It is that great lad Ahteck!"

With the readiness of a man accustomed to rely on his own resources and to act quickly he looked about him and saw some bottles of ammonia on the shelves. He caught up one of them and opening it held it up to Ahteck's nose. There were a few rapid breaths, and the prostrate man lifted up his hand and tried to push the doctor's arm away

"Thou hast enough, eh!" exclaimed

Continued on page 49.

Look mother, at the old man! Either thou must remember him or I am mad! Look carefully, for I know not if my head is right

Man Disposes

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by Will Grefe

WHEN the clock on the mantel rang five times, McKinney laid down his pen, dropped his cigarette upon an ash tray, and pushed the notes upon which he had been working away from him. Mardi Gras had come and gone. The February twilight shadowed the windows, and in the quiet room the chatter of the fire became a grateful thing. It burned whole-heartedly, that fire, picking out fantastic lights upon the shiny, rug-strewn floor, upon the walls, and upon the ivory head of a stick that leaned significantly against the desk at which McKinney sat.

Presently, when he stood up, the reason for this stick became apparent. Even though he bore heavily upon it, he limped, and his steps were obviously painful. Once seated before the fire, he leaned the stick carefully beside him and lay back, with both hands clasping the arms of his chair, looking fixedly into the flames. His fine, clean-featured face was quiet enough, but a deep furrow came gradually between the brows, and the mouth settled in tired lines.

He did not turn his head when a step sounded behind him in the doorway.

"Back again, already, mother?" he asked, pleasantly. "The Woman's Club programme must have been brief—eh?"

"It is not your mother," said a voice, all imperious inflections, and of an almost boyish depth.

At its first note the young man swung about in his chair, reaching for the stick, his eyes grown warm with delighted surprise.

"You, Yvonne?"

She was beside him in an instant.

"Don't get up! Do you hear? It's only me! And if you don't mind me—I shan't stay—not a second!"

He surrendered at discretion, surveying her happily. She was wrapped in a long gray cloak and her arms were full of American Beauty roses. Over her hair was a scarf of some shimmering, moonlight stuff. A glint of jewels struck through it. She dropped her roses into his lap, and laughed.

"Hold them while I get these things off! I wanted you to see me. I'm just from the photographer's. No—no—no—no!' Sit still, Justin!"

"Shan't I help you?" The rose-fragrance, heavy with a sweetness faintly stale, was in his nostrils; his eyes were wistful on her beauty.

"I can get them off myself," said Yvonne. She freed herself of the gray cloak, dropped it upon the floor with a magnificent gesture, and kicked it aside. The scarf followed like a shred of mist; then she regained her roses, laid them within the hollow of one arm, threw back her head, and faced him radiantly.

"Look!" she cried. "The Queen of Comus! *Me voici!*"

McKinney drew in his breath sharply leaning back in the chair to look. She was very lovely. A trailing gown of white satin, embroidered from shoulder to hem in silver, clung about her slim young body in exquisite, straight lines. From her shoulders fell the length of a wonderful velvet court train heavy with silver flowers, and about her throat, her arms, and her waist, glittered the jewels of King Comus. There was a little crown of the same white fire upon her dark hair, and out of all this splendor looked her long, dark eyes, and the young, warm redness of her mouth.

"Stand farther off," said McKinney. "There!" He added half under his breath a word she caught and flung back at him, with a delicious arrogance.

"I *am* beautiful! It's true."

"Though you say it that shouldn't."

"Why shouldn't I? I looked in the glass last night, and the king told me—and a few other men. Look, Justin!" She swooped down upon him again like an excited child. All her movements were swift and supple. "This from King Comus!" She displayed a brooch of pearls and diamonds and a tiny crown. "This and this—and this—and this—and this," touching the pins about her corsage with darting fingers, "from maskers. I was *so* popular. You've no idea!

"I've the king's mantle at home, he gave it to me, and his scepter. My own scepter's out in the machine. It's too heavy. It's like a stick with a cabbage on top, a diamond cabbage. You see my roses are beginning to wilt. Aren't they long? I wanted you to see me, just as I looked last night. Justin! Justin! Aren't you going to tell me I'm a beautiful queen?"

He smiled at her curiously, leaning forward a little, with thin hands interlocked upon his knees. His wide, whimsical mouth twisted at one corner before he spoke.

"Didn't the king tell you so? And a few other men?"

"Ah! But I want *you* to—you're different!" She was standing off from him again, posing frankly, caressing her roses, the twilight striking a thousand little dancing flames from the jewels in her hair and on her breast.

"Look at me, Justin! My gown is perfect——"

"Very fine feathers," he admitted, lightly, stroking his chin abstractedly.

She stamped a satin-shod foot.

"You're too provoking! Look at *me*, Justin. The gown's not the thing. Don't *I* look good?"

At her sudden accession of wistfulness he smiled again.

"You look good to me, Yvonne."

"But good's not beautiful——"

"Even when it 'pretty does'?"

"I want you to say I'm beautiful."

"Upon my word, that's modesty!"

"Per-fectly beautiful, like a queen of the blood!"

"Or out of a fairy tale?"

She nodded.

"Very well," he said, indulgently. "You are 'per-fectly beautiful!' Snow-white — and — rose-red! Much too beautiful to be let loose on feeble man. Turn around. That's a stunning mantle. Comes down to the end of your train, eh? All the way around! I want to get the whole effect—go slow! Very impressive—little white slippers and all. I like that flub-dub at the top of your frock."

"Chiffon," she flashed back at him, touching the soft flat fold delightedly.

"Very thrilling," said McKinney, gravely. "Altogether delectable! And how did you behave? Couldn't you walk across the floor now, as if you were going up to the throne? Bow to the adoring multitudes, just as you did last night. Let's see what kind of a queen you made. Tell me all about it."

"I will! Now look! Like this you see!" She stood slim and tall in her splendor. "I sat in the proscenium box with my maids. (There was Marthe, and Elizabeth, and Elinor, and Maisie.) The Opera House was crowded to the roof and everyone stared at us, and the orchestra played. After a while, the lights were lowered, and the curtain went up. There were the tableaux, Comus in Arcady. They were very beautiful. Then some of the floor committee came to our box, and they took us down between the 'call-outs' to the steps of the stage. A courier [redacted] waiting for each of my maids and the king's messenger was waiting for *me*!" All her Gallic an-

cestry spoke in the dramatic tension of her voice. "A blond knight, in rose and gold—with a mask that smiled."

"It's a peculiarity of masks," said McKinney, stroking his chin again. "So you went up the steps with the messenger of the king——"

Yvonne interrupted him breathlessly, clasping her roses tighter.

"Straight up the steps and across the stage—between lines of maskers that danced and applauded and shrieked out funny noises—to the throne. The king met me. Then two women came from the wings—in pink dominoes—and fastened the mantle on my shoulders and put the jewels on me, and the king gave me his arm and we walked around the long, wide stage before the maskers that clapped and clapped and the people in the horseshoe that clapped—" She gave a deft little kick to the heavy train so that it lay in graceful folds behind her. "Like this!" she explained raptly and walked to the other end of the room with a stately tread.

As she came slowly back, she bent her head in answer to imaginary plaudits and gestured graciously with her empty hand. McKinney, watching with a slow smile upon his lips, seemed almost to hear the bravos that greeted her, almost to see the lights of the old French Opera House flaring down upon her happy beauty. When she stopped, just a little short of his chair, she sank in a sweeping courtesy.

"Will I do?" she asked, laughing but eager. "Will I do, Justin? I was *so* happy. It was like a fairy tale."

She rose lithely, and stood beside him. The room was already in shadow except for the fire-glow, and her white, jeweled figure lent an aspect of unreality to the quiet walls.

"Snow-white — and — rose-red! That's a good name for you," McKinney commented leisurely. "Yes, Yvonne, you'll do. I dare say your grandmother was proud, and the women were jealous, and the men were all mad about you. What more could you want?"

"I wanted *you* to be there," she said, frankly and sweetly as a child.

"You're a dear girl."

"I did so wish for it, Justin!"

"If wishes were horses," he reminded cheerfully. "Too bad they're not, eh?"

"I kept thinking," she insisted, "what you'd say——"

He drummed on the arm of his chair, still smiling, while he turned resolutely away from that question.

"How many men made love to you?"

"Oh, a good many!" said Yvonne, frankly. "It was really funny. I had a perfect time."

"Heartless young person!"

"I'm not," she objected with a madrigal of laughter. "It would have been heartless to take them seriously. Why don't you ask me to sit down?" She looked about her for a chair.

"I wanted you to be there," she said, frankly and sweetly as a child

"Why, I wasn't sure you *could* sit down, in all that grandeur. You're such a picture. Besides," McKinney added as a prudent afterthought, "I didn't know you meant to stay. Mother's at the Woman's Club, or something equally engrossing."

Yvonne, who had possessed herself of a low seat and was dragging it very near her host, tossed an unabashed head.

"Did I *ask* for your mother? It was you I came to see. To show you how I looked." She sat down and dropped the roses across her lap. "What were we talking about? I've forgotten."

She was so near that her mantle brushed his sleeve. There was a small, soft curl lying upon the nape of her white neck that played havoc with McKinney's resolute impersonality. A grim appreciation twitched the muscles of his mouth.

"You're a delightfully unconventional young woman," he suggested, mildly significant, "to come a-visiting me without any chaperon."

"My maid's outside in the machine."

"If she hasn't by this time eloped with the chauffeur."

"If she has," Yvonne retorted quickly, "she'll be sorry. He's already married. Don't you want me to stay?"

"Want?" he repeated, politely. "Of course, I *want* it. But I was thinking of *you*——"

"Well, I want it, *too*—so that's settled," she decided, nodding her head in pleased affirmation. "Now, what were we talking about?"

"If you *will* stay—we were discussing the men who made love to you last night."

She smiled sweetly. "Since you insist, then. There were lots of them, but two in especial. Do you mind if I lean against the arm of your chair?"

"Not in the least," said McKinney, and drew away courteously to the other side.

Yvonne looked displeased. "I believe you're afraid of me."

"I am," he assured her with a flicker of grim humor. "About the two in especial, however?"

She flung back her head and looked up at him out of frank, lovely eyes.

"Comus," she said, "asked me to marry him, and so did the captain of the Comus Krewe. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"The king—that would be——?"

"Haven't you heard? Logan Winchester was Comus."

"And the captain?"

"Edouard Carriere."

"Humph!"

"I know," Yvonne accepted sympathetically, "he's been married before. But I like widowers when they're not fat, nor bald."

"Undeniably," her confessor agreed, "to be fat or bald is nothing in a widower's favor."

"Edouard's tall and thin," Yvonne went on thoughtfully, "and his hair is really thick, but—I don't know, Justin—he *will* wear red ties."

McKinney felt his own tie thoughtfully; it was a rich wine color.

"Well, you're not a widower," said Yvonne. She petted her roses absently. Their fragrance, just touched with that elusive staleness which comes to roses after too much light and warmth, drifted all about her like an aura. McKinney frowned quietly.

"So you gave him his *conge*?

"Just as nicely as I could. Yes, I suppose so."

"And Comus?"

Yvonne sat upright, staring into the fire. Her jewels netted her in winking light.

"He was a beautiful king," she said, dreamily, "all white satin and silver. But, there were vine leaves in his hair, and his mask smiled. You know his voice? Curt, with a little husk to it, as if he didn't talk much. It's fascinating. There's nothing he's afraid to say, and yet he sounds shy. I was so happy, you see, at being queen I may have spilled over a little in his direction, and he didn't understand. Men are funny."

"'Curiouser and curiouser'—eh?"

"He asked me to marry him, between the fourth and fifth dances."

"Wouldn't that have been a trifle hasty?"

"You know what I mean," said Yvonne, nodding her head wisely, "and I told him I couldn't decide in such a hurry, that he must wait. I wanted to talk to you about it."

"You told him that?" McKinney lifted quizzical eyebrows.

"Oh, no—no—no—no! Of course not. I told him it wasn't fair to expect me to know my own mind at a ball."

"You've been thinking it over to-day, then? That's Ash Wednesday with a vengeance."

Yvonne shrugged expressively.

"I went to mass at the Cathedral this morning; I stood my little St. Joseph on his head; and I went to the photographer's. That was to divert my mind. Then, while I was at the photographer's, I had an idea. I said to myself, 'I want Justin to see me in this. I won't get back into my street clothes. I'll go up there with this cloak around me. The machine's closed, nobody'll see, and when we get there, Julie can wait outside. Justin can see me. I can tell him everything, and he'll know what I ought to do!' You see, sooner or later, I shall *have* to marry some one, and it's no use discussing it with grand mere—she has just two qual-i-fi-ca-tions (eh?), family and money. She's very narrow, grand mere is. Fat and bald, and red ties, and things like that, she calls 'little peculiarities, chere, that make nothing!'"

McKinney laughed. The reproduction of Madame du Bois' caressing tone was quite perfect.

"I think I see your point of view. You realize the necessity of matrimony, as a career, but you decline to excuse any more peculiarities than are absolutely inevitable."

"If I knew what you meant by that," said Yvonne, reproachfully, "I am sure my feelings would be hurt.

"It's just as well you're so dense, then," he teased. His eyes held something more than indulgent amusement, however, and he sighed impatiently, gripping the handle of the stick beside the chair. It was an ivory handle, carved in the likeness of a grinning face.

Presently he said in an impersonal, friendly tone:

"Won't you ring for lights, it's getting dark."

"I don't want the lights," objected Yvonne, imperiously. "It can't be more than half after five, and I like the fire. Besides, we haven't finished. I want you to decide for me—about Logan—about the king."

"You might flip a coin," he suggested

She rebuked him with exaggerated sadness.

"It's something important—to *me*. How can you laugh about it? I'm depending on you, Justin. If I marry the wrong man, it won't be so amusing. You wouldn't laugh then."

"I shouldn't laugh under any circumstances."

She fell upon the admission at once.

"Why? Why wouldn't you laugh?"

"Matrimony," said McKinney, carefully, "is, I've been told, no laughing matter."

There was disappointment in the sidelong glance she sent him.

"Then you think Logan would be a good person for me to marry?"

"Very safe."

"Ah, but that's so stupid!"

"Eminently wise."

"Justin! I'm not an old woman!"

"He has money enough, family enough, virtues enough, looks enough—he's a very good [illegible] all round."

"Then you *do* think——"

"I think your grandmother would be delighted."

"It isn't my grandmother I'm thinking of, though."

"There's no manner of doubt that *he'd* be happy."

"But *I*, Justin, I? What would it be for *me*? I'm not thinking of him."

"That might be considered," said McKinney, slowly, "a very complete answer to your own question."

Yvonne looked at him doubtfully. She drew the jewels about her neck back and forth upon a slender finger

"I can't talk riddles," she said at last. "I'm not clever like you That's why I asked you to hlep me. I'm not joking Justin—I want to *know*——"

"And you want *me* to tell you!" he retorted, almost with a groan.

"Why not?" demanded Yvonne, swiftly

"No reason, no reason on earth," he said presently, in an even lightness of tone. "It's just that I don't know the answer, that's all."

A little silence ensued, then Yvonne laid her hand upon the arm of his chair, almost timidly.

"We've known each other a long, long time, haven't we, Justin?"

"Since the moon of knickerbockers and pinafores, Yvonne."

"Do you remember how you taught me to fly kites and play marbles? And when we stole Poe's 'Tales' from your mother, and read them up in grand mere's attic?"

"Those were very bully days," said the man, regretfully.

"Then I was sent away to school, and you went off to Virginia. You sent me a pennant and your fraternity pin, and a great, great many letters."

"The first love"—he quoted, under his breath.

"I was frightfully young——"

"Being so ancient now?"

"I'm a woman now."

Continued on page 60.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

The V. C. of Womanhood

MR. W. A. FRASER, of Toronto, author of "Mooswa," "The Eye of a God" and other successful novels, has attracted a good deal of attention in the press by his suggestion that the mothers of slain Canadian soldiers should be presented with some distinctive medal in honor of their sacrifice. The proposal has been very generally approved, though naturally there have been many suggestions in the form of amendment while the general idea is supported. Answering some of these Mr. Fraser writes in the *Mail and Empire*:—

Since the appearance of my letter, suggesting a silver cross for the mothers of slain soldiers, several correspondents have written to suggest variations of this simple tribute. All of these suggestions, well meant as they were, are worthy of consideration. In my own case I gave hours of thought to these divergent elements before submitting the matter to the public.

There can never be any question before the bestowing body of this cross as to its having been merited by the mother; there might be and would be in many cases, if the wives were the recipients; if for the mother alone it would represent the "V.C." of womanhood, it would mean recognition of the one thing—the supreme sacrifice of motherhood. It would put an additional burden upon the Government to extend it beyond the mothers. To guard it the status of every wife would have to be established. Wives have the future before them of reaping the benefits of motherhood; the mothers who are losing their grown-up sons have little in life left.

There should be no distinction made between mothers who lose one son, and mothers who lose more than one. The widow's mite should fix this value. A woman may give all she has in life—her only son; her sacrifice cannot be surpassed; a woman who sacrifices all her sons can do no more. A mother might lose two sons and be richer still than the mother of one in having two or more left.

TO RUSSIA.

Grey titan of the steppes, whose wistful eyes
Are old with long desire, with dreams are young—
Thy tales are not all told, thy songs all sung:
New hopes are born for every hope that flies,
And stars are only quenched by daybreak skies.
Thy face is to the dawning; thou hast sprung
With virile force and sinews sternly strung
To thy prophetic and divine emprise.

Seeing, we stretch our welcoming hands to thee;
Hearing, we answer. And the sullen shades
Of lurking doubt, of old misgiving, flee:
Our hearts are quickened, bygone grievance fades;
Thine are our cherished hopes and ours thy foes,
Grey titan of the steppes, child of the snows.

—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The more one thinks over this matter the more one is convinced that the simpler the silver cross can be kept in its method of bestowal and in its design the better. By the name silver cross, I mean one of conventional military design—the maltese cross. This always carries the distinctive value of national bestowal. It does not intrude into the sacred field of the church cross. It probably would be of less dimension than the crosses bestowed upon men. Such a cross would cost $1.50, or $2. Some correspondents have suggested a shield or other devices. A visit to any of the large jewelers, and an inspection of the hundreds of such decorations, commemorative often of trivial events, would convince anyone that it would be unwise to vary the proposed form.

I think the various bodies of men and women who have so generously taken up this thought are now convinced that the proper way to have this proposal passed upon is to submit it to the Government at Ottawa with a request for serious consideration. It will then rest with the Government to act independently of, or in conjunction with, the British Crown.

Canadians can contribute to this national recognition of our heroic mothers by directing their influence individually or as members of some association, to Ottawa, leaving entirely in the hands of the Government the procedure once the matter is taken up.

To Avenge Captain Fryatt

ECHOES of the murder of Captain Fryatt reverberate in the Canadian press from time to time, and while there is no suggestion that Britain should imitate the barbarities of Germany with regard to the treatment of prisoners there appears to be a very general idea that some sort of reprisal should be made. The *Toronto Telegram* believes that this might be done financially, and makes the following suggestions:

British investments under German control are estimated at $450,000,000.

German investments under British control are estimated at $650,000,000.

Thus Britain can find a margin of $200,000,000 that can serve as the basis of reprisals for the murder of Captain Fryatt and other German barbarities. Germany has also destroyed British shipping equivalent to a tonnage of 1,500,000. Britain seems to be determined that this loss shall be made good from the tonnage of German ships interned in neutral and allied ports.

The dawn of Germany's day of reckoning may be distant. Financial reprisals for Germany's worst atrocities can be exacted at once. Other reprisals must be delayed. Germany imagines that Britain will submit to the unrequited destruction of a 1,500,000 tonnage of merchant shipping. Then when peace is declared Germany's merchant ships are to emerge from the ports of their imprisonment. These German ships are to regain Britain's share in the carrying trade of the world, while Britain is building

Neutrality!

tonnage to replace the merchant ships destroyed by German submarines. Germany has figured out a pretty calculation. That calculation is inspired by a long Teutonic experience of Britain's folly. Germany's future calculations will be inspired by Germany's acquaintance with Britain's wisdom.

A Man With 10,000 Friends

THE war has crowded out of the Canadian newspapers much interesting matter which in normal times, would have been widely discussed. Particularly true is this with regard to obituary notices, save those of generals, statesmen and others concerned with the present struggle. But the *Moose Jaw Times* has found space for a few lines about a very famous London vicar who in pioneer days labored among the Canadian Indians. The *Times* says:—

There recently died at an Old Country seaside resort a London vicar whose friends were said to have numbered about 10,000. His name was the Rev. Frank Swainson, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Holloway. He was known as the country's most successful "beggar" for the parish poor, as every year he gathered over $30,000 from newspaper appeals. He had a convalescent home at Broadstairs for the sick; he assisted young people to emigrate; and he kept the old age pensioners in his parish from starvation during this time of high prices. He knew every man, woman and child in his parish of 10,000 people. This popular vicar of Holloway was the dustman's friend, and it was his habit to shake hands with the "dusto" when he came to fetch the rubbish. The vicar's kindly, unaffected way won the hearts of all who came into contact with him. There was scarcely a family in the whole of his parish that he had not assisted in one way or another, and all who knew him, whether they were churchgoers or not, regarded him as a friend.

The late Rev. Frank Swainson practically died from overwork. Two years ago a specialist advised him to take a rest, but the vicar would not leave his work. In January last he took a few weeks off, but not enough, and this time, when the doctors said that he must have a six months' holiday at least, the church members sent a letter begging him not to come back till he was really well. They also sent him a gift of money, to which the poor contributed their pennies. The late Rev. Swainson had 1,200 men in his class at St. Barnabas and since the outbreak of war it was his practice to send every week a personal letter to members with the forces. In the early days of his career this London vicar, whose remains now rest in Highgate Cemetery, worked among the Blackfeet Indians in Canada.

American Neutrality

CANADIAN newspapers have followed the lead of the Old Country press in restrained comment upon the action of the American captains who stood by while the U 53 sank merchant vessels on the American coast. The real denunciations of the act have found expression in American newspapers, especially in their correspondence columns. Yet the facts ought not to be forgotten, and we reprint the following from the *Guelph Herald*:—

The more the alleged neutral attitude of the U. S. Government towards warring vessels is considered the stranger appears the discrimination. The statement made by Viscount Grey in the House of Lords in reply to questions about the destruction of shipping by the German submarine U-53 off the American coast reveals the fact that there are elements of serious friction between the British and American Governments in that incident. Early in the war, on several occasions, the Washington Government complained of British warships "hovering" near the coast of the United States. It was not charged that the presence of British warships near the American coast was in violation of international law. Such a charge would have been absurd. As the warships were on the high seas, outside American territorial waters, they had a legal right to be there. But the complaints were based on the alleged fact that the presence of the warships was "irritating" to the American people and might be regarded as evidence of unfriendliness. And so, in compliance with requests from Washington, the British Admiralty instructed the commanders of British naval vessels doing patrol service on this side of the ocean to withdraw further from the coast and carefully refrain from doing anything needlessly to cause irritation. In so doing the British Government, in order to avoid injury to the extremely sensitive susceptibilities of the American people, good-naturedly waived some part of its rights as a belligerent, put its patrol service to greater inconvenience and made its work more difficult.

Mark what followed. It is quite within the bounds of reason to say that had the British patrol vessels been near the coast, as they were when the American objection was raised, the U-53 would have been limited in its

operations, and certainly one at least of the outstanding incidents would not have occurred. It appears that when the German submarine, dashing from Newport with the information there received, reached and attacked one of the merchant vessels marked as a victim, torpedo boats of the U. S. navy were cruising near by, and it is reported that the German commander ordered them to clear out of the way so as not to impede him in his task of commerce destroying, and that they obeyed his order, standing by until the ship was sunk and then proceeding to rescue the passengers and crew from the small boats.

If these facts are true, and it is but charitable to await confirmation of them before being too critical, it shows that British cruisers engaged in protecting commerce are held objectionable in the American official mind, while a German submarine war craft is permitted to enter an American port, gain information of the whereabouts of merchant ships, depart from an alleged neutral port to attack them, and then is at liberty to attack and sink vessels while the American navy stands by and watches.

Comfort to Enemy

THE fight between the soldiers and the Mounted Police at Calgary has, of course, been described in American newspapers and the city is declared "virtually to be in the hands of the soldier mob." Possibly the affair will eventually find its way in the press of Germany, there to be hailed as a demonstration against the war. The disturbers of the peace in Canada are working to give more comfort to the enemy than to the people at home.

—*Renfrew Journal.*

How Britons Help

AS an instance of the whole-hearted sacrifice made by Britain, Sir Hamar Greenwood, M. P., stated in Toronto, in an address before the Canadian Club, that motoring as a pastime had been given up. "There are more motor cars running on the streets of Toronto to-day than in the whole of England. Cars have either been stored or sent by the tens of thousands over to France."

Port Arthur News Chronicle.

When the West "Comes Back"

PAPERS with favorite hobbies have not wholly relinquished the delight of riding them while the war lasts, some even find arguments in their support from the conflict. Thus the Weekly Sun continues to present its

Nobody Loves Me

theories on taxation, and naturally enough provokes comment and contradiction from those which disagree with it. The *Temiscaming Herald* says:—

A Saskatoon paper contains a list occupying seventy-two columns of town lots to be sold for taxes, following the collapse of the land boom. The *Weekly Sun* of Toronto, which is opposed to everything in the way of progress or reform, cites this as an illustration of the fallacy of the principle of taxing land as a means of forcing it into use, and sheds a tear for the Ontario "housemaids, widows and other simple persons" (query: can this last class possibly include the *Sun* man?) who were inveigled into paying good money for these lots with the idea of holding up later comers for an exorbitant profit.

The Sun has the wrong idea, as usual. These people are entitled to very little sympathy, except in so far as they were lied to by the agents who sold them the land for their own profit. The "innocent" victims bought the land without the slightest intention of ever using it or going near it. Not one in a hundred of them could use the land in any manner if he or she wanted to. They are speculators and gamblers, pure and simple, and must take the consequences. The effect of squeezing out these speculators may not be to put the land to immediate use, but it will force it out of permanent disuse, which is pretty much the same thing. When the West "comes back," the city itself will have control of the land, as it should have.

Unwelcome Reformers

THE path of the reformer is proverbially hard, and especially so when the reforms have to do with such cherished institutions as those of the church. It must be said that usually the revisers and paraphrasers of the Bible and the Prayer and Hymn books have

brought more zeal than imagination to the task, and the protest from the *Kingston Whig* will meet with general approval:

The commission which, in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, has been revising the Book of Common Prayer, has, after making certain recommendations, which were referred back to it for further consideration, adjourned its sessions for at least three years. This commission proposed certain amendments to the marriage ceremony, eliminating, among other things, the word "obey," which was in the response of the bride. The amendment pleased some people, but not all. The majority favored the leaving of the ceremony as it is. The greatest change was in the Ten Commandments. These were whittled down or revised and condensed until the first five were represented by a few lines. The object was to make the recital impressive in the church service. There are some people who will challenge the wisdom of even seven bishops, seven clergymen, and seven laymen amending the Commandments, which are preceded in the Bible by these words: "And God spake these words saying."

There is a limit to the length to which some people will go in their revision of the Bible. Ritual and ceremony, as dictated by men, may be emasculated at pleasure, but not the language and commandments of the Deity.

Real Irish Loyalty

MR. T. S. KENNEDY of Victoria, B.C., has the following interesting letter in the *Colonist*. It throws a light on Irish loyalty at its best. He says:—

I believe I am not incorrect in saying that a great number of the Irish Guards, spoken of in such glowing terms by Lieut. Holmes, are volunteers from the Royal Irish Constabulary. Before and after the Crimean War the latter were spoken of (not officially) as the Irish Guards. Subsequently the government was informed by Sir Andrew Read, I.G., that the Irish Constabulary would much prefer the title "Royal Irish" instead of money as a reward for their distinguished service in Ireland during previous years.

Many officers and men of the R.I.C. served with distinction at battles during the Crimean War. In fact I know of no war with England which they did not "do their bit," and did it well; for "them's the boys that fears no noise."

Collecting Small Debts

THAT was quite an interesting pointer given to Ontario by Mr. Horace Chevrier of Winnipeg, president of the Dominion Retail Merchants' Association, in an address to Ottawa retailers yesterday. In Manitoba, Mr. Chevrier told, a small debt can be collected at very small cost. A bill of say $5 can be collected in court at a cost of 50 cents. In Ontario to collect such a bill may cost several dollars. And we in Ontario have been imagining we had rather a sensible and economical institution in our Division Courts! The Manitoba system provides a magistrate in each necessary district to receive complaints of merchants and to issue summonses. The merchants can serve the notice by his own employee. No reason exists that we can think of why a County Judge in Ontario could not do what the Manitoba special magistrate does—and no reason that we can imagine why collection of small debts should have to cost more in Ontario than in Manitoba. Ottawa retail merchants should have a talk about this to the city members of the Ottawa Legislature.

—*Ottawa Journal.*

Preparing For a Fray

RUMORS that the next will be the last session of the present parliament are rife, and a belief that the Liberal Opposition will no longer tolerate an extension of Parliament's life probably accounts for the fact that the *Stratford Herald*, a strong Conservative paper, reproduces the memorable words of Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, one of the most forceful of Liberal debaters uttered some time ago:—

"The people of Canada are behind this Government. They trust the clear-eyed purpose of Sir Robert Borden.

"I am proud of being a citizen of Canada because of what the present government has done since the outbreak of the war.

"When the war is over history will record that whatever the petty political fortunes of the parties happen to be the present head of the Government has, since the war cloud burst, kept an eye single to the winning of the war. And has not been turned aside by any improper course or small consideration."

A Good Sign

AN Edmonton newspaper asserts that that northwestern city has the largest butter factory in Canada the output of which last year was 2,525 021 pounds, as contrasted with 74,000 pounds in 1909, the year of its beginning. The product of this manufactory, it is pointed out, was awarded seventeen prizes and one championship at fairs extending from Quebec in the East to Vancouver in the West. The facts are worth noting as a sign that the great western provinces are branching out extensively into general farming They hold the grain records, are celebrated for their live stock, and are seeking other laurels

—*Montreal Gazette.*

Indian Summer

THE Summerside Journal adds to the voluminous literature on the subject of Indian Summer in one of those articles for which the Journal is noted. It gives us a picture of the season in the "twilight zone" between Summer and Winter, and then explains the origin of the term by which we on this side of the water identify it:

And what is Indian summer and how did the name originate? Legend has it that the smoky season was first due to the smoke from the peace pipes of many Indian chiefs who met in friendly council. A more prosaic theory is that forest fires, which originate in the late summer, are responsible for

the blue haze of this season. Reference to Indian summer was made as far back as 1789... A translation from the French, the journal having been written in Canada, is as follows:

"At last come the heavy rains, filling the springs, the creeks and marshes, an infallible sign. Following this fall water comes a severe frost brought to us by the northwest wind. The piercing cold builds a universal bridge over the watery places, and prepares the land for that great mass of snow which should soon follow it. The roads, which have been impassable heretofore, become open and convenient. Sometimes the rain is followed by an interval of calm and warmth which is called the Indian summer; its characteristics are a tranquil atmosphere and a general smokiness."

Whatever the meaning or origin of the term certain it is that Indian summer is a season which the lover of the country would sorely miss. It bespeaks a peace such as characterize no other group of days.

The Late Norman Duncan

BRANTFORD the birthplace of Norman Duncan, one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of American novelists, followed his career with particular interest, and the Courier has this to say of his untimely death:

Brantford has not only lost a famous son, but the world of modern letters one of its brightest ornaments, by the lamented death of Norman Duncan. Although only forty-five years of age he had long ago attained a permanent place as a noted author. After leaving Toronto University he took up journalistic work in Auburn, N. Y., and later joined the staff of the New York Evening Post and made his mark by writing a series of human stories of the Syrian quarter and its inhabitants. They were later issued in book form under the title "Souls of the Street." Other works followed in quick succession and met with instant success; "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," "The Mother," "Every man for himself," "Billy Topsail and Company" and a number of others. He also contributed to Harper's Magazine a series of masterly sketches, the result of travels in Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Australia, Papua and Dutch East Indies. Among other things he had been Professor of Rhetoric at Washington and Jefferson Colleges, and Professor of English Literature at the University of Kansas. Pittsburg University conferred upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Literature. His pellucid and charming style had won for him a delighted circle of hundreds of thousands of admirers, and his ability to limn varying emotions, and to portray surroundings of either land or sea, has never been surpassed. His personal life and character, was of the most ideal nature.

It is very seldom that two brothers attain such noted fame as Robert and Norman Duncan and the world has been all the poorer for their passing.

Paper Prices and Forest Fires

PERHAPS the general public does not realize how intimately it is likely to be concerned by the great advance in the rates of print paper although newspapers and magazines are critically affected, and a general increase in subscription rates and advertising, and a cutting down in the size of some of the larger papers are being discussed in publishing circles. The *St. Catharines Standard* considers the connection between the scarcity of paper and the frequency of forest fires in the following article:

Independent of other causes operating to increase the price of paper to Canadian publishers, the constant destruction of spruce and balsam forests by preventable fires has played a serious role. Without question, there is abundance of woods to meet all demands of paper mills, but abundance and accessibility are frequently two very different things. Transportation distances between the woods and the mills is a factor of first importance, as not a few unsuccessful Canadian and American paper mills have been forced to realize. Every additional mile a paper mill is obliged to travel for logs, the costs of the paper product will reflect an advance.

E. H. Backus, president of the Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company, at Fort Frances, Ontario, stated recently that the increasing inaccessibility of pulp limits from the mills is making paper dearer. Unlike small saw mills,

the permanently located pulp mill cannot pack up its equipment and follow the retreating forest. Forest engineers are agreed, however, that with care in operating limits and thorough protection against fire, pulpwood forests can be perpetuated indefinitely; accessibility of supplies need be lessened very little.

Up to the present stage in Canada, the lack of modern fire protection for which the governments, as trustees of the timber resources, are chiefly responsible, has reduced the near-at-hand bodies of pulp wood far more than the actual cost of logs. The Northern Ontario fires of last summer are an illustration of this fact. In the 1200 square miles devastated were substantial quantities of paper making materials. In the same fire an Ontario paper company lost 400,000 cords of wood, ready piled in the mill yard. Quebec's 1916 fires also cleared out large quantities of spruce and balsam as well as white pine. The forest fire record in Ontario and Quebec during the past ten years accounts for vastly more forest wealth than has passed into lumber and pulp.

If the pulp areas at the mill door are allowed to disappear in flames, the longer drive or rail haul automatically increases the cost of manufacture. Without doubt, other causes than unheeded fires are at the root of the paper price advances in war time, but it remains true that since the first paper factory in Canada began to operate, the fire fiend has been laying his tax on the paper consumer.

Credit When It Is Due

THE subject discussed by the *Toronto Star* in the following article has been mentioned by many other Canadian papers at different times, and there is a consensus that the military authorities, for reasons known only to themselves, and it may be for reasons whose force is felt especially by the

French military authorities who are chiefly responsible for the rigorousness of the censorship, have missed a chance to stimulate recruiting:—

When the full story is told this regiment will be found to have added fresh lustre to a name already famous," says an official despatch from Ottawa, referring to the fine work done by a Canadian battalion in a recent battle.

But when will the full story be told? When will it be permissible to make public the name, with the new lustre on it?

What purpose is served by suppressing the names of the Canadian battalions which in this battle so greatly distinguished themselves? There seems, to have been two in particular, one from British Columbia and one from Ontario. But which ones?

All the Canadian forces gave a fine account of themselves in this affair, but there is talk of certain two battalions that did wonderful work. If it be true that there were two battalions that performed deeds that will add lustre to their names—if it is not a hasty verdict involving injustice to other battalions that did quite as well—what sound reason could there be for suppressing the names or numbers of these two battalions and leaving eight million Canadians at home guessing as to which battalions are meant? If the statements made in the despatch are not fully considered—if they do involve injustice to other battalions that fought equally well and with equal success—the injustice is not lessened by indicating two battalions, although not naming them.

If a battalion has added lustre to its name already famous, would the naming of it in the Canadian press benefit the enemy in any way? How it could benefit the enemy no fellow can understand. It appears to be all right to say in the press that a battalion was from Canada, or even from Ontario, or British Columbia, or Winnipeg—or the official dispatch in question says all this openly—but evidently it would never, never do to give the actual name or number of the battalion that has "added lustre" to a name "already famous" but not mentioned in the despatches.

But if Canada wants men to enlist in her armies why not let battalions be named and become famous? Why not let the men who bravely fall have the credit now of the deeds they do, and why not let the men who bravely fight enjoy while they live some of the renown they earn, instead of shelving it all on the chance that some day "when the full story comes to be written" by the historian, late justice—much too late—may be done to those who deserve the honor and praise of their countrymen?

Off the Retired List

Continued from page 27.

and bright work. A throb of brutal pain in his head wrung a grunt from him, and then he realized that something was wrong with his right arm. He tried to move it, to bring it above the bed-clothes to look at it, and the effort surprised an oath from him and left him dizzy and shaking. The white jacket of the steward came through a mist that was about him.

"Better, I hope, sir," the steward was saying. "Beggin' your pardon, but you'd better lie still, sir. Is there anything I could bring you, sir?"

"Did the boat fall on me?" asked the Captain, carefully. His voice seemed thin to himself.

"Not *on* you, sir," replied the steward. "Not so to speak, on top of you. The keel 'it you on the shoulder, sir, an' you contracted a thump on the 'ead."

"And the wreck?" asked the Captain.

"The wreck's crew is aboard, sir, bark *Vavasour*, of London, sir. The mate brought 'em off most gallantly, sir. I was to tell 'im when you come to, sir."

"Tell him, then," said the Captain, and closed his eyes, wearily. The pain in his head blurred his thoughts, but his life-long habit of waking from sleep to full consciousness, with no twilight of muddled faculties intervening, held good yet. He remembered, now, the new pins in the blocks, and there was even a tincture of amusement in his reflections. A soft tread beside him made him open his eyes.

"Well, Arthur," he said.

The tall young mate was beside him.

"Ah, father," he said cheerfully. "Picking up a bit, eh? That's good. Ugly accident, that."

"Yes," replied the Captain, looking up into his face. "Block split, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the mate. "That's it. How do you feel?"

"You didn't notice the bloc,k I suppose, when you put the new pins in?" asked the Captain.

"Can't say I did," answered the mate, "or I'd have changed it. You're not going to blame me, surely, father?"

The Captain smiled. "No, Arthur, I'm not going to blame you," he said. "I want to hear how you brought off that bark's crew. Is it a good yarn for Minnie?"

At Barcelona the Captain went to hospital and they took off his right arm at the shoulder. The *Burdock* went back without him, and he lay in his bed wondering how it was that the loss of an arm should make a man feel lonely.

He was quickly about again. Then it was that he discovered a strange thing; it was his right arm, the arm that was gone, that hindered him. The scars of the amputation had healed, but unless he bore the fact deliberately in mind, he felt the arm to be there. He tried to button his braces with it, to knot his tie, to lace his boots, and had to overtake the impulse and correct it with an effort. When his clothes were on, he put his right hand in his trousers pocket, then remembered that it was not there, and withdrew hastily the hand he had not got. During the walk the same trouble remained with him; it muddled him when he bought tobacco and tried to pick up the change. Before he slept that night, he dropped on his knees at his bedside, and folded the left hand of flesh against the right hand of dream-stuff in prayer.

When his time came to go home in the *Burdock*, he was an altered man. The quiet, all-observant scrutiny had gone, and the officers who greeted him as he came up the accommodation ladder saw it at once. Arthur Price was now in command, a breezy, good-looking Captain in blue serge and gold braid.

"You've got her, then, Arthur?" said the old man as he reached the deck, and stood looking about him.

"Yes, I've got her," answered his son. "That your kit, father? Sewell (to the chief mate), send a couple of hands to get that dunnage aboard. Come along below, father."

He tucked his arm into his father's and led him down. Mildly taking stock of the well-remembered surroundings, the old man noticed he was being taken to the Captain's state-room, and an impulse of gratitude moved him. But he was glad he did not speak of it when his son put aside the curtains at the door for him, and he saw that this was not to be his room. New chintzes took the place of his old leather cushions; a big photograph of Minnie stood on the lid of the chronometer case, and the broken-backed Admiralty guides, ocean directories, and the rest were re-enforced by a brigade of smartly bound novels.

"Sit down," said Arthur, "and make yourself at home till they get your dunnage in. I've put you in the spare cabin in the port alleyway; you'll find it nice and quiet there. How are you feeling, father? Would you care for a drink?"

"Yes, I'd like a tot," replied the old man. "Shall I ring for your steward?"

"Don't you trouble," said Arthur. "I've got it here." It was in the cupboard under the chronometer, a whole case of whisky. "I carry my own," explained the mate; "I don't approve of old Davis's taste in whisky. Help yourself, father."

"How's Minnie?" asked the old man as he set down his glass.

"She's all right," was the reply. "I

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Department of the Naval Service.
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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wanted to tell you about that. We go into dry dock when we get back from this trip, and Minnie and I'll get married before I take her out again. Quick work, isn't it?"

The old Captain nodded; the young Captain smiled.

"You'll be bringing Minnie out for the trip, I suppose?" asked the elder.

"That's my idea," agreed Arthur.

"You're a lucky chap," said the old man slowly. He hesitated. "You've got your ship in hand, eh, Arthur?"

"I've got her down to a fine point," said Arthur emphatically. "You needn't bother about me, father. I know my job, and I don't need any more teaching. I wish you'd get to understand that. You know Davis has bought the *Stormberg*?"

"I didn't know," said the old man with a sigh. "It don't matter to me, anyhow. I'd be reaching for the engine telegraph with my right hand as like as not. No, Arthur, I've done. I'll bother young officers no more."

The run home was an easy one, but it confirmed old Captain Price in his resolution to have done with the sea. Two or three times he fell about decks; a small roll, the commonplace movement of a well-driven steamship in a seaway shook him from his balance and that missing arm, which always seemed to be there, let him down. He would reach for a stanchion with it to steady himself, and none of his falls served to cure him of the persistent delusion that he was not a cripple. He tried to pick things up with it and let glasses and the like fall every day. The officers and engineers, men who had sailed with him at his ablest, saw his weakness quickly, and, with the ready tact that comes to efficient seafarers, never showed by increased deference or any sign that they were conscious of the change. It was only Arthur who went aside to make things easy for him, to cut his food for him at table, and so forth.

From Swansea he went home by train; Minnie and her kindly old father met him and made much of him. Old Davis was a man who had built up his own fortune, scraping tonnage together bit by bit, from the time when, as a captain, he had salved a crazy derelict and had her turned over to him by the underwriters in quittance of his claims. Now he owned a little fleet of good steamships of respectable burthen and was an esteemed owner. He did not press the *Stormberg* on Captain Price. The two old men understood each other.

"I don't want her," Captain Price told him. "There's a time for nursin' tender engines and a time for scrappin' them. I'm for the scrap heap, David. I'm not the man I was. I don't put faith in myself no more. It's Arthur's turn now."

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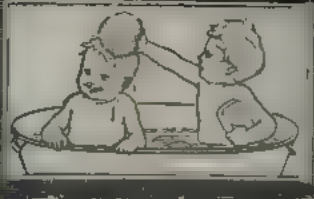

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David Davis nodded. "Yes, then. Well, well, now! It's a pity, too, John. But you know what's best to be sure. I don't want you to go without a ship while I've got a bottom afloat, but I don't want you to put the *Stormberg* to roost on the rocks of Lundy neither. So you wouldn't put faith in yourself no more?"

"No," said Captain Price, frowning reflectively. "I wouldn't, and that's the truth." He was seated in a plush-covered armchair in Davis's parlor, and now he leaned forward. "It's this arm of mine. It isn't there, but I can't get rid of the feeling of it. I'm always reachin' for things with it. I'd be reachin' for the telegraph in a hurry, I make no doubt."

"That's funny," said Davis, in sympathy. "Well, then, you just stop visiting with me. I've no mind to be alone in the house when your Arthur's gone off with my Minnie. He'll push the *Burdock* back an' fore for us and we'll sit ashore like gentlemen. He makes a good figure of a skipper, don't he, John?"

Old Captain Price sighed. "Aye, he looks well on the bridge," he said. "I hope he'll watch the ship, though; she's a big old tub to handle."

He saw the *Burdock* into dry dock and strolled down each day to look at her. Minnie and Arthur were busy with preparations for the wedding. But the girl found time to go down once with the old man and he took her into the dock under the steamship.

"A big thing she looks from here," he said, half to himself.

The girl looked forward. Over them the bottom plates of the *Burdock* made a great sloping roof; her rolling chocks stood out like galleries. Her lines bulged heavily out, and the girl saw the immensity of the great fabric, the power of the tool her husband should wield.

"She's big, indeed," she answered. "Five thousand tons and forty lives in one man's hands. It's splendid, uncle. And Arthur," her voice softened pleasantly, "is that man."

The old Captain wheeled on her sharply. "Tons and lives!" he cried. "Tons and lives be damned! It's not for them she's been run to a thumb-span and tended like a sick baby. It's for the clean honesty of it, to do a captain's work like a wise captain and not soil a record. D'ye think I stump my bridge for forty-eight hours on end

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because of the underwriters and the deck hands? Not me, my girl, not me! It's my trade to lay her sweetly in Barcelona bay, and it's my honor to know my work and do it."

He seemed to shrug his shoulder. The girl could not know it was his right hand he flung up to the scarred steel plates above him

"There's your *Burdock*," he said. "She's your dividend-grinder; she's my ship. And if I'd thought of no more than your five thousand tons and your forty lives, she'd not be where she is."

He held out his left hand, palm uppermost, and started and blinked when there came no smack of the right fist descending into it.

"There's me talking again," he said. "Never mind, Minnie dear, it's only your old uncle. Let's be back uptown."

The wedding day was a Thursday. The ceremony was to take place in the chapel of which David Davis was a member; the subsequent festivities were arranged for at a hotel. It was to be a notable affair, an epoch-maker in the local shipping world and when all was over there would be time for the newly-wedded to go aboard the *Burdock* and take her out on the tide. Old Captain Price, decorous in stiff black, drove to church with his son in a two-horse brougham. Neither spoke a word till they were close to the chapel door. Then the old man burst out suddenly:

"For God's sake, Arthur boy, do the right thing by your ship."

Arthur Price was a little moved. "I will, father," he said. "Here's my hand on it." There was a pause. "Why don't you take my hand, father?" he asked.

"Eh?" The old man started. "I thought I'd took it, Arthur. I'll be going soft next. Here's the other hand for you."

The reception at the hotel and the breakfast there were notable affairs. Everybody who counted for anything with the hosts was there and after a little preliminary formality and awkwardness, the function grew to animation. The shipping folk of Cardiff know champagne less as a beverage than as a symbol and there was plenty of it. Serious men became frivolous; David Davis made a speech in Welsh; Minnie glowed and blossomed; Arthur was everybody's friend. The old Captain, seated at the bottom of the table with an iron-clad matron on one side and a bored reporter on the other, watched him with a groan. The man who was to take the *Burdock* out of dock was drinking. Even one glass at such a time would have broached the old man's code; it was a crime against shipmastership. But Arthur, with his bride beside him, her brown eyes alight, her shoulder against his shoulder, had gone much further than the one glass.

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The exhilaration of the day dazzled him; a waiter with a bottle to refill his glass was ever at his shoulder. His voice rattled on untiringly; already the old man saw how the muscles of the jaw were slack and the eyes moved loosely. The young Captain had a toast to respond to; he swayed as he stood up to speak and his tongue stumbled on his consonants. The reporter on Captain Price's left offered him champagne at the moment.

"Take it away," rumbled the old man. "Swill it yourself."

The pressman nodded. "It is pretty shocking stuff," he agreed. "I'm going to nap on the coffee myself."

It came to a finish at last. The bride went up to change, and old Captain Price took a cab to the docks. The *Burdock* was smart in new paint and even the deck hands had been washed for the occasion.

"I'll go down with you a bit," he explained to Sewell, the chief mate. "The pilot'll bring me back. I suppose I can go up to the chart house?"

"Of course, sir," said Sewell. "If you can't go where you like aboard of us, who can?"

The old man smiled. "That'll be for the Captain to say," he answered, and went up the ladder.

She was very smart, the old *Burdock*, and Arthur had made changes in the chart house, but she had the same feel for her old Captain. Under her paint and frills, the steel of her structure was unaltered; the old engines would heave her along; the old seas conspire against her. Shift and bedeck and bedrape her as they might, she was yet the *Burdock*; her lights would run down channel with no new consciousness in their stare, and there was work and peril for men aboard of her as of old.

"Ah, father," said Arthur Price, as he came on the bridge. "Come to shee me chase her roun' the d-dock, eh?" Even as he spoke he tottered. "Damn shlippery deck, eh?" he said. "Well, you'll shee shome shteering, 'tanyrate."

He wiped his forehead and his cap fell off. The old man stooped hurriedly and picked it up for him.

"Brace up, Arthur," he said in an urgent whisper, "an' let the pilot take her down the dock. For God's sake, don't run any risks."

"I'm Captain," said the younger man. "Aren't I Capt'n? Well, then, 'nough said." He went to the Bridge rail.

"All ready, Mish' Mate?" he demanded, and proceeded to get his moorings in.

The mud pilot came to the old Captain's side.

"Captain," he said, "that man's drunk."

The old man shuddered a little. "Don't make a noise," he said. "He—he was married to-day."

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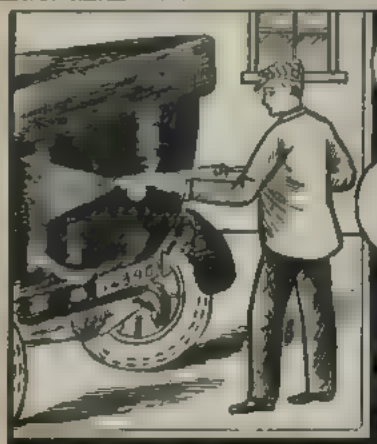

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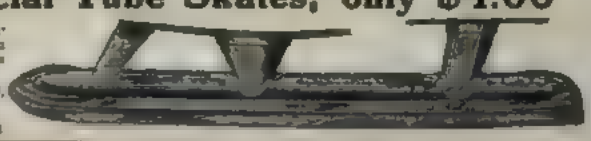

"Aye." The pilot shook his head. "You know me, Captain; it's not me that would give a son of yours away. But I can't let him bump her about. He isn't you at handling a steamship, and he's drunk."

The old Captain turned to him. "Help me out," he said. "Pilot, give me a help in this. I'll stand by him and handy to the telegraph. We'll get her through all right. There's that crowd on the dock"—he signed to the festive guests—"waiting to see him off and we mustn't make a show of him. And his wife's aboard."

The pilot nodded shortly. "I'm willing."

Arthur, leaning on the rail, was cursing the dock boat at the buoy. The lock was waiting for them and he lurched to the telegraph, slammed the handle over with a clatter and rang for steam. The pilot and the old man leaned quickly to the indicator; he had ordered full speed ahead.

"Stop her!" snapped the pilot as the decks beneath them pulsed to the awaking engines. Arthur's hand was yet on the handle, but the old man's grip on his wrist was firm and the bell below clanged again. The young Captain wheeled on them furiously.

"Get off my brish," he shouted. "Down with you, th' pair of you." He made to advance on them, those two square old shipmen; he projected a general ruin; but his feet were not his own. He reeled against the rail.

"Port your helm!" commanded the pilot calmly. "Slow ahead!" Old Captain Price rang for him and they began to draw out. Ashore the wedding guests were a flutter of waving handkerchiefs and hats. They thanked God Minnie was not on the bridge. At the rail, Arthur lolled stupidly and seemed to be fighting down a nausea.

"Steady!" came the sure voice of the pilot. "Steady as you go! Stop her!"

Arthur Price slipped then and came to his knees. Ashore, the party was cheering.

"Up with you, Arthur," cried the old man in an agony. "Them people's looking. Stiffen up, my boy."

"Half speed ahead!" droned the pilot, never turning his head.

The old man rattled the handle over and stooped to his son.

"You can lie down when you turn her over to the mate," he said, grimly. "Till then you'll stand up and show yourself, if your feet perish under you. I'll hold you."

They were drawing round a tier of big vessels, going cautiously, not with the speed and knife-edge accuracy with which the old man had been wont to take her out, but groping safely through the craft about them. Arthur swayed and smiled and slackened, his head

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nodding as though in response to the friends on the dock who never abated their farewell clamor. The grip on his arm held him up, for he had weakened on his drink as excitable men will.

"Starboard!" ordered the pilot, and Captain Price half turned to pass the word. It was then that it happened. The drunken man pivoted where he stood and stumbled sideways, catching himself on the telegraph. The old man snatched him upright, for his knees were melting under him, and from below there came the clang of the bell. Arthur Price had pulled the handle over. Forthwith she quickened; she drove ahead for the stern of the ship she was being conned to clear; her prow was aimed at it, like a descending sword.

"Hard a-port!" roared the pilot, jumping back to bellow to the wheel. "Spin her round shore; over with her!" The wheel engine set up its clatter; with a savage wrench the old Captain shook his son to steadiness for an instant and lifted his eyes to see the *Burdock* charging to diaster.

"Stop her!" cried the pilot. "Full astern!"

Captain Price tightened his grip on his son's arm and reached for the handle with his other hand.

Clang clang! went the deep-toned bell below and swoosh went the reversed propeller. The pilot's orders rattled like hail on a roof; she came round, and old Captain Price had a glimpse of a knot of frantic men at the taff-rail of the ship they barely cleared. Then, slowly they wedged her into the lock-mouth and hauled in.

"Close thing!" said the pilot, panting a little.

The old man let his son lean against the rail, and turned to him.

"P'raps not," he said. "Pilot, what did I ring them engines with?" The other stared. "I had a hold of *him* with this hand of mine; I reached for the handle with my—other—hand."

"But," the pilot was perplexed—"but, Captain, you ain't got no other hand."

"No!" Captain Price shook his head. "But I rang the engines with it all the same. I rang the *Burdock* out of a bump with it; and—" he hesitated a moment and nodded his head sideways at the limp, lolling body of his son—"I rang his honor off the mud with it."

The pilot cleared his brow; he simply gave the matter up. "And what about now?" he asked. "He ain't fit to be trusted with her?"

"No," said Captain Price, firmly. "He's going to retire from the sea; and till he does, I'll sail as a passenger. And then I'll take the *Burdock* again. *She* don't care about that old spar of mine, the *Burdock* don't.

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 31.

the doctor. "It is strong stuff indeed. Don't try to sit up yet, thou big fool. Lie down quietly till I look at thy cracked head."

But Ahteck was feeling fairly strong again, for it had been but a knockout blow. He insisted on sitting up until his wound was dressed and his head done up in a bandage.

"It will be nothing," announced the doctor, cheerfully. "Thou hast a good hard head to stand a tussle with the beach. A brave fellow thou art, and I am glad that all will be well with thee."

At this moment came in some men bearing a couple of heavy bales dripping with water.

"One of these was tied in the canoe that was broken to pieces," said one of them. "The big waves rolled up the other one on the shore."

The old man whom Ahteck had rescued at the peril of his life came forward, grinning happily.

"It is the fur we brought many weeks' journey," he said. "There are many good pelts and it is good that they are found, but I fear my pipe is gone. Perhaps some good man will give me another, and a trifle of tobacco. My *tshishtemau* is all wet.

He showed a little sodden tobacco at the bottom of a leathern pouch, and the agent handed him a new pipe and a small plug, after which the man seemed perfectly happy. He turned his head about and looked at the assembled people in a quiet, contented way, while bystanders observed him, with the awe and respect Indians always show to the demented.

"Something wrong in the old fellow's head, I think," commented the doctor. "How do you feel, my friend?"

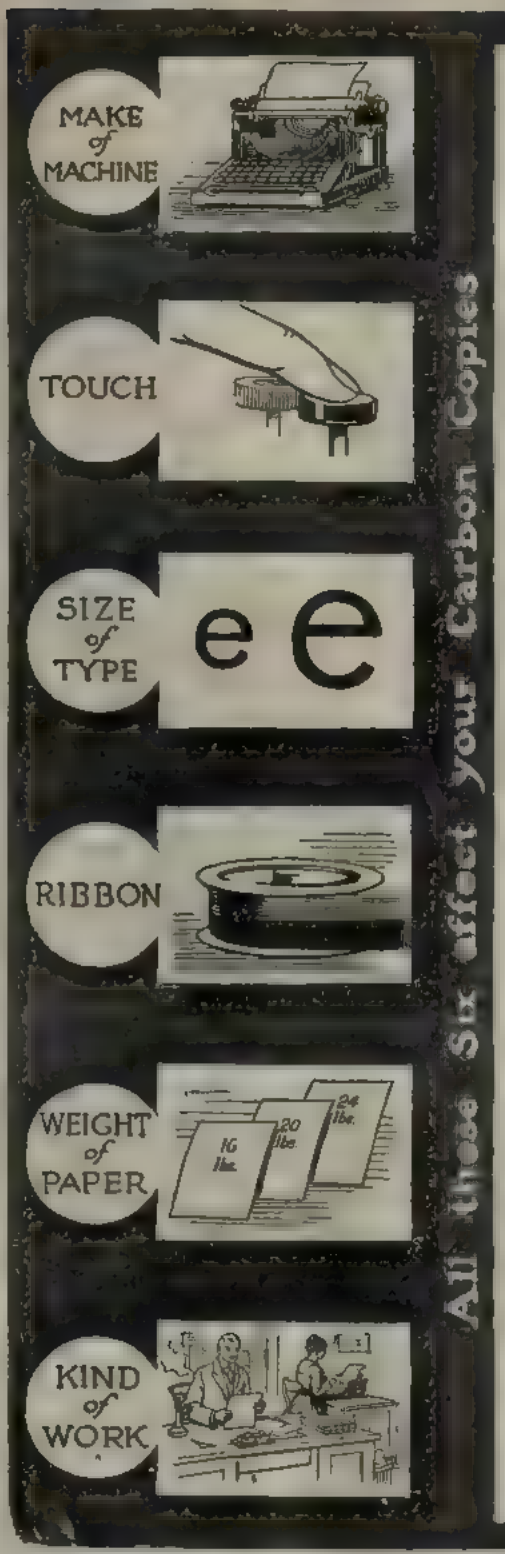
But the old fellow shook his head, not understanding French; and went over to the bales of fur.

"It is a fine lot of pelts," he said. "We must dry them carefully again. They will be all right then."

At this time one of the other men who had been saved spoke, and Paul took upon himself the office of interpreter, for the doctor had but a scanty knowledge of Montagnais.

"He is saying that the old man is always thus. He says it is a good many years since he has been that way, yet he is still a very strong man with the paddle and good over the portage, carrying big loads. They say he was the strongest man they ever knew, and even now no one is better with the traps and the deadfalls. He catches much fur."

By this time people were paying no longer any attention to Ahteck, who had risen to his feet and was listening also.



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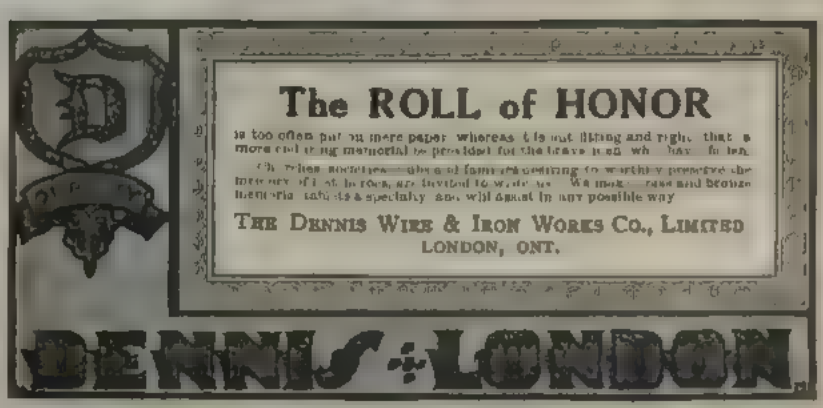

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"This man says," continued Paul, "that on Grand Lac this old hunter became so, all in one day. He is still good at the hunting, but he often speaks foolishly. Never does he say things just like other men."

By this time Ahteck was staring, his uninjured eye widely open and his breath coming in great jerks, as if the furious waters of the lake had still been opening and closing over his head, that throbbed and made him think himself in prey a some strange delusion.

The case was an interesting one, and the doctor's professional curiosity was strongly aroused. He was about to ask for further details when the agent spoke.

"There are too many of you here," he said to the crowd, good humoredly. "The storm is over now and the sun is beginning to shine."

The room was partially cleared. Ahteck looked through the door, that had been left wide open. He saw that the blackness of the great clouds had given place to brightness while the air was pure and clean after the terrible downpour. As the last of the onlookers filed out Uapukun and Mititesh arrived, out of breath from fast running. The older woman's voice faltered.

"Oh! Ahteck! Thou art not dead!" she cried, stammering in the excess of her joy.

But Mititesh grasped his arm, unable to say a word, for people had called out to them that he might be dying. She felt his big arms and placed her hands on his shoulders, as if to make sure that she had not really been bereft of him.

Ahteck pressed her hand, gently, but turned to his mother. In his eyes she saw an expression of bewilderment It was as if he had been growing crazy from the blow he had received on his head. He grasped her arm, quickly.

"Look, mother, look at the old man!" he said in a low, raucous voice that was shaking. "That is the man I brought ashore, who was drowning. Look at him! Look well! Search thy memory! Either thou must remember him or I am mad. Look carefully, mother, for I know not if my head is right. Look at the old man!"

But the doctor was speaking, eager to learn more.

"This is very remarkable," he said. "Quite an unusual case. Paul, try to find out from these people just what happened at Grand Lac when this thing occurred and the old man became foolish."

"This man says," began Paul, after he had asked some questions, "that some people of his tribe went to Grand Lac, seven summers ago, because they had heard that the price of fur was good there, and it was not so far for

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them to go as to the great factory on the big salt water. Some women they had with them, and also children, but some were feeling frightened when they went there, because—"

"Because what?"

Paul looked embarrassed He hesitated on account of the dislike men of his race have for speaking before white men of some things that the fathers condemned as savoring of paganism.

"It—it is a foolishness of Indians who have never heard the real truth from the fathers. They are things our people believed many years ago before the missionaries came. These men come from a very far country where there are no priests."

"But tell us, what was it!"

"Well, this man tells me there was a *jongleur*, a medicine man, him we call *Ka Kushapatak*, of those who work under the *wabano*, the tent of many poles covered with bark and many boughs. And when the frame was built, and before it was all covered with the boughs, it was so strong that two men could not shake the poles, trying as hard as they could. Then it was all covered up, but the *jongleur* stood to one side while this was done, that his hands might not touch it. After the boughs had all been placed on the frame he went in alone, a man of many years and not strong, and in a moment the poles shook and the *wabano* swayed as the two strong men had utterly failed to make them, in the slightest. And then, from the *wabano* there came voices, strange voices as of several men, young and old, and one of them, speaking alone, said that it would be very evil to go to Grand Lac."

"Yes, and then?" asked the doctor.

"And then he says that this man, who is now white haired though not of very many years, laughed in scorn and said he did not believe the *jongleur*, and he did not care even if *Matski Manitou*, who is the same as the devil, said so. He was going, and those afraid could stay behind. They talked much about this matter among themselves, and at last but a few started away with him, in the long canoes, with much fur."

"And then what happened?"

"He says they traveled nearly a month to Grand Lac. And there they got good prices for their fur, after a few days of talk, and they wanted to leave at once because of what the medicine man had said. But this old man laughed at them and made them stay another day, though they were ready to start. After the sun had gone down he went out of his tent and behind the big log houses and did not return even though the sun would soon rise. So then they feared something had happened to him and they went to look. And they met him in the very early hours, and he was crawling on his hands and knees, and his head was broken, and when he opened his mouth to speak it was all foolishness. Then these people knew that the evil that the *jongleur* had spoken of had come, as was threatened, and so they pulled up their tents at once, and put him in the bottom of one of the canoes, leaving at once for the fear that was upon them that other bad things might happen."

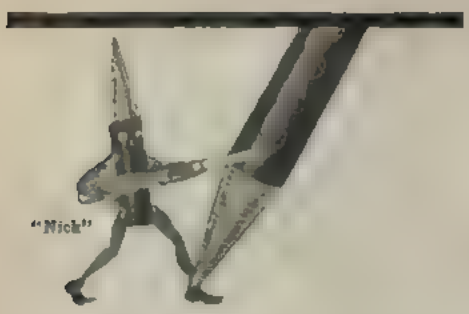
"Extremely interesting," commented the doctor. "And why do they come here now?"

"He says that a man told them the prices of fur were even better here than at Grand Lac, on account of the many who buy, but of course they have never returned to Grand Lac. He says that this time the medicine man went into the *wabano* again, and the voices said the traveling would be good. But these men," continued Paul, "are very ignorant, without much wisdom of the things that are right, such as the priests tell us. They believe in foolish things."

At this time the woman Uapukun, who had been hanging upon the shoulder of her big son as if she had been ready to fall, staggered over to the old man and grasped one of his shoulders.

"Thou art surely the man *Nitsouk*, the Otter, a man from the Nascaupees that trap about the shores of Michigamau," she cried.

"I am very certainly the man Nit-



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souk, and a Nascaupee," he answered, smiling in a silly fashion. "And my fur is very good, after it shall have been well dried out. It is good fur that has been well stretched, and now that the sun shines we must take the bales apart and dry it at once, for fear of the mildew."

"I—I will take these men to my house," said Ahteck. "I can give them clothes that are dry and I have a tent they may take. There is room to camp by the roadside. In the open they may dry their fur. I will help."

He swung one of the big bales to his shoulder, and the two younger men among the strangers took the others and followed Ahteck. A good many had gathered around again, outside, wishing to look at these travelers, and many followed them as they walked away.

But upon the road, suddenly, they came upon Peshu. Ahteck went towards him, quietly, and Peshu drew his knife, for now he was afraid for his life. But Ahteck, having cast down the bale, seized his arm like a flash, and bent it down so that the knife fell from his grasp and dropped to the ground.

"I was not seeking any further quarrel with thee," said Peshu, who had become very unsteady about the knees.

Ahteck loosened his hold on the arm and put out his hand.

"Neither do I seek any quarrel, Peshu," he said. "This, in a way thou canst not understand, is the happiest day of my whole life. I would rather take thy hand in friendship I would now be the friend of all men on earth!";

Peshu looked at him, greatly amazed, he was uncertain, hesitating to hold out his hand, for it was because of a real fear for his life that he had drawn out his sheath-knife, and he was sober now and knew that before Ahteck he would be like a reed before the gale.

"I am indeed sorry I struck thee so last night," he said, sheepishly. "It was the drink I took that made me do it."

It was in this wise that the two men clasped hands, and that twice in twenty-four hours were the people of Pointe Bleue disappointed in their expectation of seeing them locked in strife.

After they had returned to the house Uapukun, helped by Mititesh, prepared much food, and some old clothing of Ahteck's was found for the Nascaupees. Of the latter, two men made strange figures in them, owing to the fact that they were of ordinary stature. But when the older man Nitsouk had put on an old pair of trousers and a coat greatly the worse for wear, his bent form appeared to straighten out with pride, and all could see that he was very nearly as tall as Ahteck.

One of the strangers looked at him and then turned to the younger man, wondering.

"Two such tall men have surely never been seen at one time," he said. "and they surely are like a father and son."

CHAPTER XXI

TO MY BELOVED ONE

LATER during the same afternoon Ahteck succeeded in finding Father Laroux at the mission. The good old man wore a pair of *bottes sauvages* and ancient blue overalls, and was digging in the garden he dearly loved to care for. But at once he interrupted his occupation and went indoors with the young man, and they were closeted together for a long time. Finally he placed his thin, blue-veined hands on Ahteck's shoulders.

"God has been merciful indeed to thee, my son. He inflicted on thee punishment such as must come to those who shed a man's blood in anger. But this punishment was only of thy heart and mind, for otherwise His mercy has always caused thee to prosper. Thou hast suffered and repented so greatly that I have been able, with the greatest happiness in my heart, to grant thee a full absolution. Depart now with my blessings, and remain certain that since the girl Mititesh and thou art to be wedded I will myself say the mass and unite thee with her in holy bonds. May the Lord ever have you both in his care!"

Paul had been most patiently waiting outside for his friend, smoking many pipes, and it had been all he could do to refrain from bursting, at times, in joyful song.

"I would not know thee," he said, "thou art an utterly different man now. An Ahteck changed in looks by other things than thy black eye and the winding of much white cloth about thy broken head. Never before have I seen thee look like this. It is as if the weight of great mountains had been lifted from thee."

"Ay, there was a time when all the weight of the world must have been upon them," replied Ahteck. "But now I am a man like other men, for the weight has fallen from them."

He breathed a very long breath, as a child does that is just born. It was as if a new and real life had come to him, with all its hopes and promises.

"I am indeed overcome with happiness. I had never thought to know it again but it has come at last," he continued.

"In diving thou must have picked it up from the bottom of the lake," laughed Paul.

"True, the waters of the lake brought it to me," Ahteck answered.

"I see that thou art still a man of many riddles. But I care nothing about

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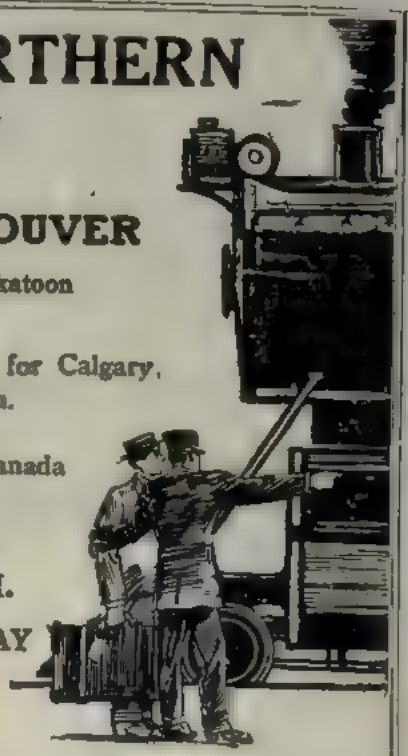

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that so long as thou wilt cease to crow forever like black *Kakatshu* the raven, and to keep on making faces as long as a day without bread.'

They separated, with a hearty handshake, two men faithful to one another and loving, but Paul called him back, suddenly, as if a new and important matter had come to him.

"Listen," he said, "there is no doubt that the marriage between Mititesh and thou will surely take place, is there?"

It did him good to see the bright look of happiness upon Ahteck's face.

"Thank God," he said, "we will surely marry."

"Then I will say this," began Paul, looking rather bashful. "If I know anything of Mititesh she will surely not allow thee to go alone to the woods for the trapping. Thou knowest that her heart is ever longing for the wild life, perhaps as much as she longs for thee. Another shack will have to be built. We must carry up another stove, also. I have no mind to live alone, and when I pressed her for an answer, the daughter of Jacques Pilon said she would be glad indeed to winter in the wilderness. A fine stout girl is she, and good with a paddle, and—and we have been long walking together in the evenings, and —and—I know that she and Mititesh are great friends, and—"

"And may good luck ever attend you both," said Ahteck. "I am glad indeed to hear that thou art going to be happy too. It is a thing well deserved."

After he had hastened back to the house, his long strides bearing him as if his bliss lent him wings, he found that the Nascaupees had been very busy stretching their pelts out to dry, with the utmost care. They had been so well wrapped up in the bales with many folds of bark that a few only, of the outside and poorest ones, were very wet.

Uapukun had offered a bed in the house to Nitsouk, the Otter, but the old man had refused in no uncertain terms.

"What—I am wanted to sleep in the camp of boards! It might be that in very cold weather it would be good. I will say that all these people are friendly, and their tobacco is very good, and so is their tea, black and strong and with plenty of *kajiouas* to sweeten it. I have drunk many cups, for they are not sparing of it to strangers. But I do not sleep in the big tent of wood. I sleep where there is air in plenty, for I am not *Utishkou* the muskrat nor *Amishkou* the beaver. But the tea is certainly very good."

He was sitting on the little steps that led into the house, smoking very contentedly, and it was always noticed that he constantly followed Uapukun with his eyes, when she came near. It

seemed to give him much comfort.

Came a most wonderful evening, that was scented after the rain with the odor of many wild flowers and bright with a myriad twinkling stars. Ahteck took the hand of the girl Mititesh, who looked more beautiful than ever, and led her out upon the road, in the darkness, and thence down to the beach, where little innocent waves lapped the shingle gently, as if the hurricane of the afternoon were a thing that could not possibly ever happen again. At this time the whole world would have seemed quite deserted but for the few lights showing merrily from the windows of distant houses. Also the katydids made a sound that was drowsy and yet full of cheer, and some long and slender-winged mosquito-eaters, as the Montagnais call the whippoorwills, cleaved their way through the heavens or else, resting, uttered plaintive notes which, strangely enough, appeared to have an undertone of joy.

Before the man and the maid, as they sat down upon a bowlder, there was an immensity of space, and their hearts, beating in unison, filled it all with the pulsing of a life of wondrous beauty.

For a long time they were well-nigh unable to speak. The moment was like that of a first rousing from a terrible night-mare, and they kept very still, as do the half-awakened people who dread the return of terrifying visions.

What could they say? Surely their quickened breaths and their throbbing hearts spoke for them. How could they speak this first time that they held each other, gloriously conscious that now no man or deity would come between them. They were making ready to begin a marvelous journey into unknown lands, and these seemed to stretch before them, ever so vast and open, to fade away only in an eternity of bliss.

"I thank God," said the man, devoutly, "that he has lifted the curse from my head and that I may now at last hold thee in my arms without fearing that evil may befall thee."

"I thank him also," said the maid, "that my heart will never beat fast again but for the happiness of seeing thee!"

And so they rose and wandered farther along the shore, with few words of love but many kisses, on the road to blessedness, where we perforce must leave them, since the tales of lasting joy can only be written in the hearts of men and women.

But as they turned back towards the little house Mititesh spoke again:

"*Tshil ka shatshiitan!* Oh my beloved one! See how beautifully clear is the sky! It may be that other great storms will come, but they will be as nothing with thy great arms to guide us, and I will follow thee through them

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without fear, as I would have followed thee before the one that is passed!"

A short month went by, or perhaps it was a very long one, and the church bell pealed very merrily, and all the people at Pointe Bleue had sought out their best clothes, and there was a double wedding at the little church and a *veillee* that they are still talking about, in the barn which Xavier Papineau lent for the occasion. To the general surprise Ahtock danced all night, as light on his feet as the best of them, till the fiddlers were too weary to draw their bows.

A couple of days later the Nascaupees, who had sold their fur very well, and were greatly pleased, prepared to leave for their own country, for the way was long before them. They had bought a couple of new canoes, for they had much to carry in the way of provisions. Finally everything was ready and the two younger men told the old one to make his pack ready and come with them on the homeward trail. They pointed out that the start must not be further delayed, for already the leaves of birches were beginning to show gold while the maples had started to blush.

But Nitsouk the Otter placidly shook his gray head, looking at Uapukun who had been extremely devoted to him, giving him as tender care as if he had been a little child of hers.

"No," he said, very gravely. "These people are very good, and the tea is black and strong, and so is the tobacco."

"Oh! Leave him with me," cried Uapukun. "I will care for him always."

"This woman," pursued the old man, "is also very good, wherefore I will not move from here."

And thus the two Nascaupees, who had wives and children waiting for them in the distant North, entered their canoes and returned alone to the Grand Nord.

THE END.

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Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 24.

"'What is it?' she said. 'I thought it was the man, the poor-house man Are you to take his place Is it time?'

"She trembled violently and the lamp in her hand swayed so that I reached forward and took it from her. None too soon, She swayed and fell in a faint. I bore her to the bed and rushed to arouse the hotel. Ten minutes' work on the part of the landlord's wife brought her to As she opened her eyes another person enter d the room. A big man that I recognized as a deputy sheriff

"'What's the matter?' he asked I told him briefly Poor old woman,' he said, shaking his head. 'She on her way to the poor farm I'm taking her there It's too bad. We had to stop here over night in order to catch the local to the poor farm town'

"I demanded more and he told me It seems that her only son and support had been killed a year before in a wreck. Up to that time he had enjoyed a good salary and had given the poor old soul a home She had been gently reared and all her life had known care and comfort. At his death it was found he had left but a few hundred dollars and that was soon exhausted. Bit by bit the furniture went, until one day the neighbors had broken down the door to find her in a faint from sheer starvation. There was but one thing to do The poor farm offered her only shelter. When daylight came they took her away and I watched her drive off to the station through the dull mist of the dawn. Her head was bowed and one thin white hand held close to her breast her bundle of 'treasures' The other hand clutched a handkerchief that from time to time rose to her eyes.

"I told mother about that woman when I got home and she cried. I don't mind saying I choked a bit myself in the telling. Well, that night it came to me like a flash. 'Suppose I'm killed.' I sat right up in bed and fairly gasped. I don't know why insurance never occurred to me, but it didn't I just thought and schemed for three months over some method of getting enough money to provide for her future. It would seem that insurance would have appealed to me at first thought. It never entered my head until one day I saw an advertisement in a magazine There was the answer to my troubles, the simplest, most commonplace thing in the world. I took out a policy at once. I had been ripe for three months and never knew it. It was the cry I had heard in the dark that paved the way. I would have signed an application for a policy that day if it had been presented to me. Now I know no matter what happens me, mother will be safe."

Lopsided Luck

Continued from page 16.

enough," rudely interrupted "Big Bill." His immense waist was shaking with submerged merriment. "Don't want to let you get too far with it you know, your worship," he ended half apologetically.

"What do you mean?" angrily exclaimed the judge.

"It's like this. I got to hand it to this kid when it comes to spinnin' yarns. He strung off the same thing to me when I went after him. Yep, I fell for it just like you. When I found the note at the barn like he said, he sure had me wingin'. Then I happened to look up the homestead records and found he didn't have an entry at all. I wired back and learned there was no Uncle Ferdi', no Elsie, no nothin'. You're slick young feller but you ought to have taken out that homestead. Maybe then I wouldn't've looked any further. Yes you're a nice innocent little lad aren't you? First time you ever made a mistake ain't it? How'd you ever come to get your picture taken like that then? Kinda' good in two views ain't it? Tells all about you on the back too, 'Micky the Ham'; some appropriate title your pals gave you all right. Six times in the pen; wanted in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Oh yes, you're innocent. Sure!"

AS "Big Bill" blasted his hopes Mullen's expression changed from surprise to extreme disgust. His shoulders drooped dejectedly. "Well wouldn't that kick the pillars out from under a church?" He dropped into the slang vernacular unconsciously. "Look at that perfectly good story gone to blazes! And a bum bull, with gristle for brains, blows it. If that ain't lopsided luck! Wow! Say, if you knew that all the time why'd you let me suffer through the last week makin' sure I had the education spiel down pat?"

"Sure, the boys had to hear that story. They wouldn't've believed me if I'd told 'em."

"Well say, you oughta be prosecuted for inhuman treatment of prisoners."

"I'm going to lunch," interrupted the magistrate, straightening in his seat. "Five years in the pen for yours, and when you come out have horse sense enough to cut out stealing and go on the stage."

"And oh, say, boys," he continued leaning toward the reporters' table. "If you'd just as soon, I wish you'd leave out the stuff about his bamboozling us all. Hurts the dignity of the bench, you know. Thanks, I knew you would."

FOOD ECONOMY

Every housewife knows the length of time it takes to prepare the most ordinary soup, the cost of fuel, ingredients, etc. But with a few vegetables, one or two Oxo Cubes, a little flour and water, a most excellent soup can be prepared in a few minutes at the cost only of a few cents.

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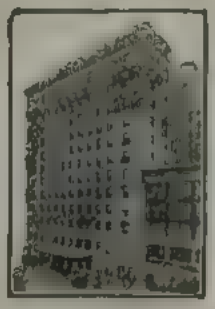

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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

Man Disposes

Continued from page 34.

"And a queen—every inch of you."

The hand strayed farther, and rested upon his sleeve. "I didn't come home until I was seventeen, and by that time you were a 'prominent young lawyer,' weren't you? Do you remember the night I came home?"

McKinney looked down at the hand upon his sleeve, and looked away from it again. He had grown slightly paler.

"Your grandmother was ill, and she asked me to meet you; of course, I remember. You had a long blue coat, and a hat with a big bow. You had a mandolin case under one arm, and a bulldog at your heels. You said 'Justin! *Me voici*! I've come back!' And I said——"

Yvonne took up the thread where he dropped it, into an abrupt and frowning silence.

"And you said 'Great Scott, Yvonne! I'd never have known you—you're perfectly beautiful!'"

"I was going to omit that part of the memoirs," McKinney explained, reprovingly, "in order to spare your blushes."

"I love it," said Yvonne, "and I'm not blushing—see!"

He scarcely glanced at the alluring face she tilted upward in the reflection of the fire.

She went on again after a moment, as if to herself:

"I saw you often that winter, all that year. You had time for me—then—even though you were busy and successful. You used to send me violets and roses and books. Grand mere and your mother are such great friends, it was only natural, I suppose. You got quite fond of me, didn't you, Justin?"

He repeated her words in a sort of forced dullness. "Yes, Yvonne, quite fond of you."

"I know," said Yvonne, "I know. You used to tell me everything about your work, and about the politicians, and you were horribly ambitious. You didn't care for society, but I wasn't even a bud. I wasn't 'out'—and I used—to—think—you—cared—for—me."

He said nothing in answer, though she waited an obvious space; so she went on again, softly, her hand still resting on his sleeve.

"Then, one night grand mere was ill. I was frightened. I sent for you, you brought the doctor, and when the doctor had gone, I cried, in the window seat in the library—do you remember, Justin?"

"Why," said McKinney, with controlled bitterness, "should I remember?"

"Because you kissed me," said Yvonne, more softly still

She sat quiet, and the color streamed into her face, that he would not turn to look at.

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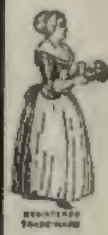

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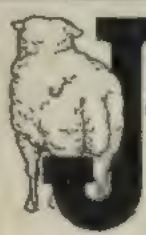

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"I had *not* forgotten that," said McKinney at length, unsmiling, "but I hoped you *had*."

"Why shouldn't my memory be as good as yours?"

"There is so much in your life——"

"Nothing as big as that."

McKinney shook his head, wearily. "You haven't told all the story. Why not finish it up?"

"I don't know the rest—it broke there. I thought you cared—" her voice faltered with deep emotion, "I *know* you cared—but you never said so—you never spoke of it again."

"And why not?" he demanded instantly, "why not?" Then he had himself again in hand, and spoke more slowly, but with a passion almost cruelly curbed. "It was the next day I went up to the plantation—do you remember that, Yvonne? Riding from the house to the levee I was caught in a drenching rain. I was ill that night, and that was only the beginning. A cripple's a cripple, whether he's born to it, or has it thrust upon him by means of inflammatory rheumatism. I haven't had many good days since. It isn't likely I shall again, naturally. I took the gift the gods sent me. Naturally, I said nothing."

"As soon as you could walk you took up your work again," Yvonne reminded him, a trifle unsteadily.

"Naturally," he repeated, with dogged emphasis.

"Then love isn't as big as work?"

"It isn't the same thing—that's all."

"You could go back to your work—but—the other, you just left—broken off——"

"I had nothing to offer."

"Or was it, perhaps," she asked, hesitatingly, paling, "that you didn't want to offer it?"

McKinney, turning suddenly in his chair, covered the hand on his sleeve with his own, crushingly, then released it. His smile was bravely humorous.

"Little Delilah," he said very gently, "go home!"

Yvonne did not answer him at once.

"I waited and waited," she said, "and each time I saw you, I thought, 'He will speak now,' but you never did."

"Because I hadn't any right."

Some of the roses slipped from her lap to the floor and lay there. She leaned forward, elbow on her knee, cuddling her chin in one soft palm.

"Yvonne," said McKinney, quietly, "don't you know I can't ask you to marry me?"

"If you'll just say something else," she murmured, "you won't have to. I'll ask *you*."

"Don't you know I can't even say *that*?"

"*Won't*, you mean!"

"Very well—won't, then. The doctors don't seem able to do anything for

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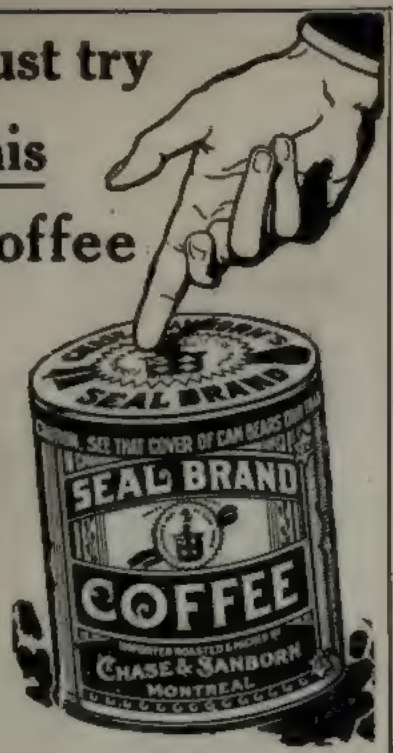

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me. I'll probably be a cripple and an invalid all my life. You've got the world wide open before you. You're beautiful and young, and you have an enormous capacity for happiness. Do you think I'd let you tie yourself to a broken stick? No, my dear, I love you rather too well for that——" He stopped short.

"Then you *do* love me!" cried Yvonne, a little breathless.

When McKinney would not answer, she took her hand from his arm and picked up the roses that had fallen to the floor, laying them with the rest. Her eyes were full of tears.

"And still—still, you advise me to marry Logan Winchester."

"I think you would be wise," said McKinney, steadily. "He's a good fellow, Winchester"—the words cut grim white lines about his mouth.

"*You* won't marry me?" she asked very low. She stooped her face to the shielding flowers.

"No, dear."

Then Yvonne slipped to her knees beside his chair, hiding her face upon the broad leather arm of it, all the roses spilling a riotous crimson down the white and silver of her gown. She stretched out a slim bare arm to McKinney, and her fingers were cold.

"If I didn't know you cared," she said slowly between deep-drawn breaths, "if I didn't know in my soul you were as lonely without me as I am without you, I'd die before I'd say it. But, Justin, if you don't marry me, I shall never be happy, my whole life long!"

"It wouldn't be fair," he answered, huskily, but he held her fingers close.

"If you don't, I shall be an old maid," sobbed Yvonne, desperately, "and that will just about kill grand mere."

There was a second's racking wait, then with a low, inarticulate cry, McKinney put both arms around her, almost fiercely, and she cried for a very little while longer, on his shoulder, in all her white satin and silver, with the king's jewels glittering about her.

"It's not fair," he muttered again, tenderly, above her bent head.

"Listen!" cried Yvonne, lifting her flushed, lovely face—on fire in an instant—"first he makes *me* propose, and then he regrets——"

Mrs. McKinney, stricken with amazement in the doorway, caught at an illumining word.

"Who has been proposing?" she asked calmly, "and what mischief are you crazy children up to now?"

The Queen of Comus rose to her feet with an adorable gesture of confusion, and stood there, flowerlike against the dusk.

"I have been asking Justin to marry me," she said simply, "and although he didn't want to, he has said 'yes.' Will you please congratulate me?"

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Each Package Makes 4 Pints of Jelly

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
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1 cup sugar	

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold that has been dipped in cold water and if desired line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs. Other fruits or nuts may be added.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

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